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SIXPENCE.



THE CHARITY MASK AND DOMINO BALL AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS, DECEMBER 15

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The ball which was attended by a large and fashionable gathering, was in aid of the West Ham Hospital.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Statesmen must beware of the Comic Spirit. The Foreign Secretary, for remarking that Venezuela had indulged in the luxury of one hundred and four revolutions in seventy years, has been severely rebuked in and out of Parliament. It is not complained that these statistics are inaccurate; but to mention them is to show an unbecoming levity. It is like telling an opponent with a squint that he cannot see straight. To remind poor Venezuela that she has had a revolution and a half per annum for all these years is in very poor taste. How can she help her natural infirmities? What makes these revolutions particularly sad is that they create liabilities which cannot be met. A State afflicted with such convulsions must have money to go on with; and it must be the money of foreigners. As soon as there is a fresh supply, the poor dear has another fit. We are assured by the excellent Castro that, when peace is established, all debts shall be paid. Why not watch the patient with sympathy, instead of making unfeeling jests about her unfortunate malady?

I am not sure that even this is the right tone to adopt towards Venezuela. Have we any warrant for assuming that a revolution and a half per annum are symptoms of disease? The Venezuelans may resent this even more than they resent the Foreign Secretary's flippancy. Who are we that we should patronise them? Revolutions are the proofs of their free and independent spirit—

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

The Venezuelans have struck the blow one hundred and four times in seventy years, and we have not struck it once since 1688. Go to! Let us beg the noble Castro to take more of our money, and uphold the great tradition of his country. He owes everybody—English, German, French, Italian, and American; but the debt is not all of his contracting, and it is unfair to make him pay for other gentlemen's revolutions. Let us have arbitration by all means. The arbitrator will certify the various claims. Venezuela cannot meet them and continue her national sports (I hope this is not offensive); so the arbitrator will ask the claimants to "pool" their losses and start afresh, all for the sake of keeping Venezuela free and revolutionary. It is a solution that smacks of Mr. Gilbert's scheme of the universe; but that is because we are the slavish adherents of absurd customs, and do not understand the Venezuelan temperament.

President Roosevelt has a taste for pictures, and he has hung in the White House a work which was greatly admired by Mr. Cleveland. In deference to a mandate from a body of earnest ladies, Mr. Cleveland took it out of the White House and secluded it in a public gallery. Why the ladies permitted it to stay there I do not know. They said it was "immoral"; but a picture which is safe in a gallery, infrequently visited by the citizens, may be dangerous in the President's home. I offer this conjecture with diffidence, for, as Mr. W. D. Howells often assures us, women are the arbiters of taste in the United States. They make or mar the books; they must have decided opinions about all the arts; and the process of reasoning which condemns a picture by Mr. Watts as "immoral" is not within the grasp of every man's intelligence. But the point just now is that, in defiance of those earnest ladies, Mr. Roosevelt has made this pagan masterpiece one of his domestic gods. It is back at the White House. The President dines in its company; probably takes tea with it; eats his morning buckwheat cake with his eyes on it all the time; points out its infernal beauties to visitors; discusses grave social problems in its frivolous presence; in short, behaves like a gentleman unaframed, as Mr. Kipling would say, and even unconscionous of the Women's Christian Temperance Union!

I am not sufficiently familiar with the American Constitution to assert that the President is technically within his rights. Did the Declaration of Independence mean that the chief Magistrate of the Republic might gratify his own taste in pictures without consulting by ballot the taste of all American women above the age of sixteen? Is there anything to prevent the reference of this issue to a jury of ladies who have read all the novels of Mr. Howells, and are subscribers to the *Century* and other American magazines? It may turn out that nothing can be done without an Amendment of the Constitution; and there may be some foundation for the rumour that Mr. Roosevelt has sent this reassuring telegram to Mr. Watts: "All serene; they could never get it through the Senate. Picture lovelier every day." But Mr. Roosevelt, though a strong man, may yet have to quail before the W.C.T.U. Suppose the Western lady who is famous for smashing glass in drinking-saloons should haunt the White House, and try to cut up the offending canvas? I am no diplomatist; but would it not be

rather a good stroke for the President to send the picture as a present to Mr. Balfour on condition that the Prime Minister should hang it in Downing Street? There it might preside over a Cabinet Council, and nobody in this country would know. But it might be soothing in America to contrast this license of our oligarchy, this darkness of our public opinion, with the unfettered curiosity of the tribunal which prescribes to the President the right tone of morality in art.

It is true that our London ædiles show a disposition to make laws for the art of the hoardings. The County Council has an Academy in the Strand, in the shape of a hoarding decorated with pictorial advertisements by the best artists. An advertiser who wanted to show some unobtrusive bills in this exhibition received an official hint that they were not considered suitable for the people's picture-gallery. It was as if the Hanging Committee at Burlington House had politely declined to make room for insufficient merit. The advertiser, I believe, failed to perceive what the purely artistic issue had to do with his business, seeing that he wanted a modest bill, and the County Council yearned for a noble poster. I do not pretend to adjudicate these jarring claims; but the noble posters on that hoarding certainly appeal to the imagination. There is a life-size portrait of a gentleman who is listening intently, whether with criminal purpose or in a mystical reverie I cannot say, for there is no catalogue. A leaflet with brief explanations might be distributed by the advertisers to complete our enjoyment. It is whispered, by the way, that the ædiles are dissatisfied with the pavement artists, who are told that their school is scarcely good enough for the people's picture-galleries. The official argument is that the pavement style is not progressive; it is wedded to ancient models, and lacks the dash of modern ideas.

And yet there is in many of our advertisements a reticence unknown to an earlier generation. When Bunn was manager of Drury Lane, and Macready was struggling with misfortune at Covent Garden, Bunn issued a pamphlet setting forth his prosperous receipts, and pleasantly suggesting that they had put Macready in the hands of the doctors. "I hear he has been leeched," wrote Bunn; "he will be bled a good deal more if he continues to be a manager." Such were the amenities of theatrical competition early in the Victorian era. When Bunn offered an engagement to a popular artist and his terms were declined, he wrote to the newspapers to acclaim his own liberality and denounce the greed of actors. As such disputes are no longer transacted in public, Bunn, could he revisit the scene, would think our advertising decidedly lacking in dash. But some of his predecessors would be still more contemptuous of their posterity. About the middle of the eighteenth century the manager received as much as £200 a year from the newspaper for the privilege of keeping the public acquainted with his views. If that system prevailed now, he would make a sufficient income from the Press to dispense with profits from his plays.

A correspondent invites me to discourse upon the ethics of gratitude, as illustrated by an instructive anecdote. From the pavement at the door of a theatre a lady picks up a diamond brooch. All through the performance she wonders how she is to find the owner. For the next two days she searches the advertisements in the newspapers, and at last discovers the cry of the bereaved. She hastens to send the brooch in a registered packet, and with it a letter expressing the delight she feels in restoring such a valuable ornament. She fairly glows with the sense of befriending a perfect stranger without fee or reward. But the perfect stranger views the affair in quite a different light. She angrily points out that if the brooch had been left at the box-office of the theatre, where she had fruitlessly inquired for it, she would have been saved the trouble and expense of advertising. So far from admitting any obligation, she is afame with injury.

What is the moral effect upon the other lady? The first emotion of surprise and indignation has given place, I understand, to a settled melancholy. She remembers that the idea of consulting the box-office did cross her mind; but she dismissed it because there was no certainty that the owner of the brooch had entered the theatre. It might have been dropped by a pedestrian. But now she perceives that her real motive was a desire to pose as a benefactress, to have the satisfaction of getting from the perfect stranger some acknowledgment of her thoughtful goodness. That would have been impossible if she had handed in the brooch at the box-office, and retired into obscurity. She feels convicted of having yielded to unpardonable self-indulgence, and recognises in the perfect stranger a stern moralist who has read her a very useful lesson. I tell the story in the hope that it may induce other people who find lost property to reflect, before they restore it by registered post, whether their motives will bear examination. Then they had better tender an abject apology for their gross neglect.

PARLIAMENT.

The Venezuelan question was discussed in both Houses. Lord Lansdowne stated, in reply to a question, that the Government had not rejected any proposal from President Castro for arbitration. It was not our intention to do more than blockade the Venezuelan ports, and in no circumstances would any British force be landed. In the Commons, Lord Cranborne explained that the British action was prompted less by the grievances of the bondholders than by the ill-treatment of British subjects by the Venezuelan authorities. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman complained that the House was in the dark as to the character of the British, and especially of the German claims. We seemed to be unreasonably committed to co-operation with Germany. Mr. Balfour reiterated Lord Cranborne's explanation that the outrages on British subjects had forced the Government to take hostile measures against Venezuela. Remonstrances had been made as far back as July, but there was no redress, and to some of the despatches the Venezuelan Government had not deigned to reply. Germany had claims over and above those of her bondholders, but Mr. Balfour was unable to say what they were. There was no binding agreement between the two Powers as to coercive action, and each was acting independently.

The Lords' amendments to the Education Bill excited no considerable discussion in the Commons except in relation to the provision that the local authority should bear the cost of "wear and tear" in Voluntary schools. It was thought that this might raise a question of privilege in the Commons, on the ground that it was an interference by the Lords with finance; but, for diplomatic reasons, they added the condition that no extra cost should be thrown upon public funds. This contradiction in terms was excised by the Commons, who adopted an amendment, proposed by Mr. Lloyd-George, that the local authority should decide what was fair "wear and tear," and assess its own contribution. The question that the Lords' amendment be accepted was left by Mr. Balfour to the judgment of the House. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman contrasted this attitude with the earlier views of the Government. The amendment was agreed to by a majority of thirty-eight.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S "OTHELLO," AT THE LYRIC. The playgoer of to-day can have but slight notion of how "Othello" should be presented on the stage. He knows that the part of the Moor was Salvini's finest tragic performance; he is aware that Irving and Booth alternated the parts of Othello and Iago twenty-one years ago; and he may possibly have seen Hermann Vezin, Frank Benson, or Wilson Barrett play the title rôle in a "scratch" production of Shakspere's great romantic tragedy. But the modern first-nighter has seen no revival of the play which has been put up for a run, and consequently is in no position to say definitely what is required in the impersonation of the tragedy's four leading characters. This inability to express ideals and to institute comparisons he must find matter for considerable regret now that he is confronted with so picturesquely dressed, so richly mounted, and so elaborately cast a production as that of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's "Othello," for the Lyric revival can probably advance many claims to be considered really memorable. The minor characters—the Brabantio of Mr. Sydney Valentine, the Doge of Mr. Ian Robertson, the Roderigo of Mr. Graham Browne, and the Cassio of Mr. Ben Webster—are all admirable; Miss Lena Ashwell gives a moving and a surprisingly strenuous performance of the declamatory part of Emilia, and Miss Gertrude Elliott affords a Desdemona whose clear diction and unstudied pathos are delightfully Shaksperean. Nor are the two principals less noteworthy. Mr. Herbert Waring attempts no new reading of the ancient's lines; but he presents an Iago whose agreeable self-confidence and splendid swagger give the play the most valuable assistance. And Mr. Forbes-Robertson—though he missed some of the passion of the great third act through nervousness and undue sensibility—plays Othello's earlier scenes with a dignity that is most impressive, and his latter acts with a tenderness and a pathos that are absolutely irresistible in their poignancy. The Robertson production and impersonation of "Othello" ought, indeed, to make a record for our own time.

"THE GEISHA," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

To assist the funds of the Church of England Waifs and Strays' Society, three special performances were given last week of that popular musical comedy, "The Geisha," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and a capable company of amateurs worked enthusiastically and successfully in the cause of charity. Among the ladies who specially distinguished themselves were Miss Ida Worsley, appearing as O Mimosa San by permission of Mr. George Edwardes; the Hon. Mrs. Southwell Fitzgerald, figuring as the French Geisha; and Miss Alice Read, playing in Miss Letty Lind's old rôle.

THE DRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

This week nearly all the suburban theatres are busily occupied with rehearsals of their forthcoming pantomimes, and five of the prominent houses have closed their doors till Christmas Eve or Boxing Day. At the rest, the entertainment provided, perhaps as a contrast with that promised for the holiday season, scrupulously avoids the frivolities of musical comedy, and is pretty uniformly devoted to the cult of solid drama. Brixton playgoers are provided with a farce in "The Wrong Mr. Wright"; but at the Shakspere, Clapham, which is offering a new sensational piece entitled "The Best Must Win"; at the Metropole, at which the play is "On Active Service"; and at the Kennington Theatre, whereat the startling Oriental story of "Secrets" is proving popular—melodrama has obtained a temporary ascendency. In six days' time, however, King Pantomime will be ruling well-nigh everywhere in the suburbs.

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London, December 1902.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1902.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY.

The seizure of the Venezuelan war-ships on the afternoon of Dec. 9 had no effect in procuring compliance with the demands of Britain and Germany, and only served further to exasperate President Castro. It was indeed rumoured that the President had appealed for arbitration, but this was afterwards contradicted, and the text was received of at least two fiery manifestoes, in which Castro stirred up his fellow-citizens to defiance, and pledged himself to defend with his life the honour of Venezuela. The seizure of the vessels was effected by 240 British and German sailors, who entered La Guayra harbour in boats towed by launches. The bluejackets proceeded to the docks, and the Germans boarded the torpedo-boat *Margarita*, compelled the crew to abandon her, smashed the torpedo-tubes, compass, and machinery, and totally disabled the vessel. They then approached the transport *Ossun*, seized her in like manner, and towed her outside the harbour. They also captured the *General Crespo* and the *Tetumo*, which they likewise towed out to sea. Finding it impossible to tow the *Tetumo* and the *Crespo* to Trinidad, the Germans sank these ships. Venezuelan mobs have stoned the German Legation, and have appeared before the Presidential mansion demanding arms. Three Englishmen, named Prince, Fieldwick, and Lepage, officials of the La Guayra Harbour Company, who were compelled to barricade themselves into the company's offices, were rescued by the combined English and German forces, and were taken on board H.M.S. *Retribution*. When the mob stormed the German Legation considerable anxiety was felt for the Minister's wife, Madame Pilgrim Baltazzi, who was lying ill. President Castro, however, called upon the lady, and made her a courteous offer of accommodation in his own mansion of Miraflores. Various German officials, including the manager of the railway—regarding which there is a financial dispute—were arrested, but were released on the representations of Mr. Bowen, the United States Minister. Further developments of the situation took place at Puerto Cabello on the afternoon of Dec. 13. The Commodores of the British and German squadrons notified the Controller of Customs that the British steamer *Topaze* had been confiscated and pillaged by the Venezuelans, and the officers and crew subjected to great indignities. An apology was demanded, failing which the squadrons would proceed to bombard the forts and custom-house. At the appointed hour, it is stated, no apology was forthcoming, and the squadrons accordingly opened fire and reduced Fort Silano and Castle Libertado to ruins. It has since been asserted that at the very moment the bombardment began a message of apology from President Castro had been delivered to the Italian Consul and was being signalled by him to the war-ships. President Castro issued another manifesto, vehemently denouncing the act of the "perfidious foreigner," and summoning Venezuelans to respond to the call of their country. Mr. Bowen has announced that the bombardment was directed entirely against the fortifications, and not against the town. Mr. Hay, the United States Secretary, has issued a significant hint to London and Berlin that his Government must not be understood as giving its consent to any extension of the international right of peaceful blockade. On the evening of Dec. 16, in answer to a question put by Earl Spencer to the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs replied that in the event of the seizure of the gun-boats not producing the desired effect, measures of coercion would, no doubt, be inevitable. It was not, however, the Government's intention to land a British force and still less to occupy Venezuelan territory.

THE FIGHT AT EREGO.

We print this week several photographs illustrative of the attack made at Erego on Oct. 6 on the British forces operating against the Mullah. It will be remembered that the enemy were twice beaten back, but that the British lost Colonel Phillips, Captain Angus, and some seventy men; the wounded numbering a hundred and including Captain Howard and Lieutenant Everett. On Oct. 5, a prisoner informed the British, who were then

advancing towards Mudug, that a few of the enemy were in the neighbourhood. On the next day, shortly after Colonel Swayne's men had left their zariba, the enemy were reported a mile away; twenty minutes later, they charged the right flank during the advance through a dense jungle. The heavy fire of the King's African Rifles caused them to swing towards the centre and left, where the transport overlapped. Confusion ensued, the firing-line was broken, a Maxim captured, and the gun-team driven back. Colonel Phillips was shot while gallantly attempting to rally his men, and Lieutenant Everett was wounded while aiding him. Captain Angus was killed while serving the guns, a duty afterwards performed by Colonel Cobbe and a single Somali sergeant. Colonel Swayne then charged, and checked the enemy, Major Plunkett, with two companies of the K.A.R., retaking some of the transport. A zariba was then made. The enemy were again routed during the day while seeking to carry off camels. The bodies of sixty-two of the enemy were counted near the firing-line.

A £3000 SALT-CELLAR.

A standing salt-cellar and cover of silver-gilt and rock crystal, catalogued as "the property of a gentleman,"



A £3000 SALT-CELLAR OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

Sold at Christie's, December 11.

and ascribed to Thomas Bampton, the great Elizabethan smith of "The Falcon," sold at Messrs. Christie's on Dec. 11 for £3000. It bears the London hall-mark for the year 1577, and is 7½ inches high. The base, capital, and cover are of silver; the centre is of rock crystal, is cylindrical and hollow, and forms the receptacle for a small group, of silver-gilt, representing Fame, holding aloft a laurel-wreath, and two Amorini. The ends of the crystal case are closed by the silver-gilt capital and base, connected one to the other by delicate bands shaped to the outlines of caryatid figures. The receptacle for the salt is a convex hemispherical cavity, embossed from a square-shaped plaque, the corners being engraved with scroll-work. Messrs. Crichton Brothers, of 22, Old Bond Street, were the purchasers.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.

No better Christmas present could be devised for friends at home and abroad than a copy of



MARRIED FOR LOVE.

After Marcus Stone.

some notable work of art. A very fine selection of reproductions from paintings by the best artists has been prepared by the Photogravure Department of the oldest illustrated newspaper in the world, and these may be had either framed or unframed, as may be desired. A special feature has been made of beautiful photogravures in colour, of which a black-and-white example, after the painting by Marcus Stone, is here reproduced in miniature. The size is 16 in. by 11 in., upon a mount 30 in. by 22 in. Artist's proofs cost three guineas each, and unsigned proofs two guineas. All plates are forwarded post and packing free to any address, inland or abroad. Colonial friends will welcome the splendid Accession and Coronation subjects. The Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C., will be glad to forward illustrated lists free.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

To no department of the State is the Prince of Wales's Guildhall advice to "wake up" more applicable than to our commerce and the method of conducting it in the chief port of the realm. For a long time the question of shipping accommodation on the Thames has presented difficulty; but this has now become acute, and responsible authorities have begun seriously to ask for a solution. Traffic at the docks is becoming daily more congested, and the machinery and accommodation must be revolutionised if London is to keep her place among the ports of the world. The difficulties are due to several causes. First, of course, the shipping traffic is greater, but the specific and acute cause is rather the increase in the size of the vessels within the last twenty years. None of the London docks could admit a twenty-thousand-ton steamer, and vessels even five hundred feet long have considerable difficulty in entering and leaving. Our Artist has shown the obstruction caused by swinging a great liner across the stream to enter the dock-gates. The deeper draught and the increased screw-power of the modern Leviathans cause such a stirring of the mud that the docks are continually becoming silted up, and the expenses of dredging are thereby increased. And not only at the docks is this trouble felt, but the river itself is not deep enough to float large profitable vessels. Another disadvantage under which the Dock Companies in particular labour is the lack of revenue resulting from the discharge of vessels into lighters. From time immemorial, barges and lighters have had the right of free entry to the docks, and the discharge of cargo into these causes a serious loss of revenue, for the goods thus discharged pay no quay-duty. At every tide, hundreds of barges enter the docks with goods and leave them again also laden, and an extraordinary thing was that until last year the Dock Companies had even to find the power to pull these craft out and in while the lightermen sat sunning themselves on their decks. An Act of Parliament now compels them to furnish the power, or, failing this, to pay the Dock Companies for so doing. Expert opinion in certain quarters believes that a solution will be found in the construction of a new dock parallel to the Albert Dock, but another theory put forward by our Artist is based upon the facility which open wharves afford for the rapid discharge of cargo. This is daily seen exemplified in the case of medium-sized craft near London Bridge, and it has been suggested that the large tracts of land now unutilised on the Essex shore near Tilbury should be employed for the construction of deep-water wharves. Alongside these jetties the largest-sized vessels could be moored without delay, could discharge cargo, reload, and sail again within a tide or two. This might not, of course, be a complete solution to the problem, nor would it perhaps be altogether acceptable to the dock shareholders' interests. It is here given without prejudice as a commonsense deduction from existing conditions.

THE MASK AND DOMINO BALL AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS.

The Mask and Domino Ball held at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on Dec. 15, in aid of the West Ham Hospital, was attended by a large number of fashionable people, and was an undoubted success. Although nominally a subscription-ball, it was in reality semi-private, tickets being sold only to those known personally to the patronesses. With the approval of Lady Maud Wilbraham, president of the committee, it was decided to request both ladies and gentlemen to wear masks. The majority of the ladies present did so, but comparatively few of the men. Among the stewards were Lord Aberdare, Captain the Hon. S. Fitzgerald, and Sir William Russell; among those present were Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord Castlereagh, Baroness von Eckhardtstein, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mrs. Arthur Paget.

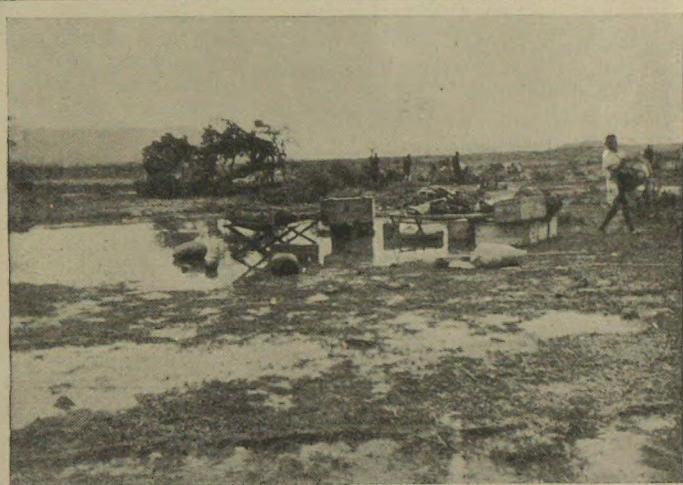
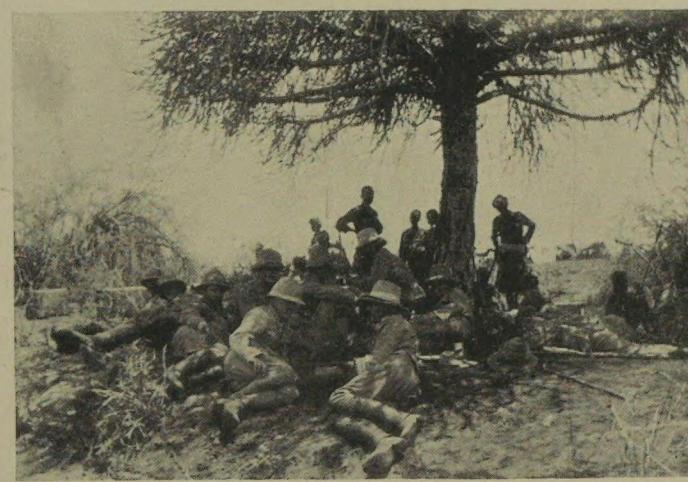
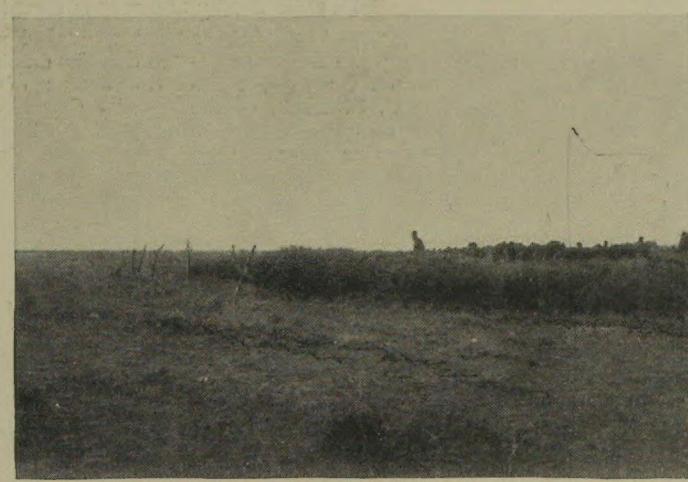


THE CHIEF SYMBOL OF VENEZUELAN PATRIOTISM: THE STATUE OF BOLÍVAR, THE LIBERATOR, IN THE PLAZA BOLÍVAR, CARACAS.

(See our Article, "The Founder of Venezuelan Independence.")

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE MULLAH IN SOMALILAND: THE FIGHT AT EREGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



ZARIBA NEAR EREGO.

OFFICERS RESTING AFTER THE FIGHT AT EREGO.

A FORT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

CAPTAIN HOWARD, WOUNDED, CARRIED ON A CAMEL.

SOMALI HORSEMEN ON REARGUARD RETIRING FROM EREGO.

COLONEL SWAYNE AND MAJOR PLUNKETT, OF THE 2ND BATTALION K.A.R.

LEVIES CARRYING WOOD FOR FIRES.

AN UNUSUAL CAMEL-RIDER: "JACK," A DOG THAT ACCOMPANIES THE EXPEDITION.

PERSONAL.

The King attended the christening of the infant son of Viscount and Viscountess Castlereagh at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Dec. 16. His Majesty stood sponsor, and presented his godchild with a silver-gilt bowl. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. The infant was named Edward Charles Stuart Robert. Besides the King, the other sponsors were the Marquis of Londonderry and Captain the Hon. Arthur Meade, R.H.G.

Queen Alexandra, with her customary generosity, will entertain about sixteen hundred widows and children of soldiers who fell in the South African War at a Christmas dinner, to be held on Dec. 27. The entertainment, it is believed, will be given at the Alexandra Trust, City Road.

Dr. John Lowe, one of the five Physicians Extraordinary to the King, who died at his residence at Weybridge last week, took his M.D. at Edinburgh in 1857; and became M.R.C.S., L.M., and Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries in the same year. He was a Fellow of the Linnaean Society, of the Botanic Society of Edinburgh, of the Botanic Society of Canada, and of the Medical Society of London. Dr. Lowe was also at one time consulting surgeon to the West Norfolk and Lynn Hospital; and at the time of his death, consulting physician to the Hunstanton Convalescent Hospital. In 1883, he was president of the East Anglian branch of the British Medical Association. His publications include "The Yew-Trees of Great Britain and Ireland."

Lord Kitchener is applying himself to his duties with characteristic grip. Among other things he is learning Urdu, a composite tongue which makes one familiar with the sentiments of Sepoys.

Lord Milner unveiled the memorial at Magersfontein to the officers and men of the Highland Brigade who fell in the battle. He alluded to Lord Methuen as the Bayard of the war, who was "pursued by persistent misfortune."

Mr. Carnegie perseveres with his offer of a free library to Marylebone, but the ratepayers have again declined it by an increased majority. This decision is apparently based on the statement that eighty per cent. of the people who use free libraries read nothing but fiction.

Dr. T. Kirke Rose, who has been appointed to the post of Chemist and Assayer of the Mint in succession to the late Sir William C. Roberts-Austen, was born in 1865, and was educated at Dulwich College and at the Royal School of Mines, where he obtained his diploma in 1886. Engaged for some years in the treatment of gold ores in Colorado, he did not enter the service of the Mint until 1890. Since then he has assisted Sir William Roberts-Austen in many of his famous researches on metals, and has published a number of papers concerning his own scientific investigations, which have been chiefly connected with the metallurgy of gold. His text-book on the subject is the recognised authority in America, Australia, South Africa, and other gold-producing countries. Dr. Rose is a Member of the Council of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy and a Doctor of Science of the University of London.

Signor Marconi, who is experimenting at Cape Breton, states in a letter to his business representative in Rome that he is now in perfect communication with Cornwall by wireless telegraphy. Several clearly legible despatches are received and transmitted every day, and he hopes that the terminal stations on both sides of the Atlantic will be open for public business before the end of the present month. The inventor is convinced that his system is practicable even at 20,000 miles' range.

The French automobile has taken a new development. It is now designed to supersede the railway locomotive, thus relieving a train of a weight of one hundred and ten tons. The exposition of this plan has caused the manager of the Paris, Lyons, and Méditerranée Railway to declare that he is quite prepared to put the automobiles on his line.

Major-General Lawrence James Oliphant, M.V.O., has been appointed to command the 9th (Foot Guards) Brigade of the Second Army Corps, and is to succeed Major-General Sir Henry Trotter in the command of the Home District, both appointments dating from the 1st of January of next year, and holding good until the end of 1905. Born in 1846, General Oliphant joined the Grenadier Guards in October 1866 as Ensign and Lieutenant. In 1885 he served in the Soudan, and earned the medal and Suakin clasp, and the Khedive's Star. Five years later he was gazetted to the command of an Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, subsequently going to South Africa, where he was in command of the Elandsfontein district and the Klipksdorp sub-district.

Mr. Chamberlain has made himself so much at home on board the *Good Hope* that he is affectionately known among the Tars as "Joey." He is said to have been initiated into the mysteries presided over by "Father Neptune." They used to include the quaffing of some mixture of tar and sea-water by the novice; but in Mr. Chamberlain's case this part of the rites was probably omitted.

Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas, Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian Stations,

part of whose command is now in Venezuelan waters, and who is himself likely to become prominent if the present difficulty increases, was born at Quebec in 1842, and after completing his education at Quebec High School, joined the *Boscawen*, flag-ship of the squadron of which he is now the head, in 1856. He became Lieutenant in 1861; Commander in 1872; Captain in 1880; and Vice-Admiral in 1901. He served with the Naval Brigade up the Congo and in Gambia in 1860; was Director of the Japanese Imperial Naval College from 1873 till 1875; was Lord of the Admiralty from 1899 till 1902; and Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, 1896-98. Sir Archibald was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria from 1893 till 1895.

It is remarked that eminent Venezuelans have a habit of settling in Paris after directing the affairs of their country for a space. It is also noted that these interesting exiles are always well provided with funds. One of them is reported to have left Venezuela with more than three-quarters of a million sterling. This throws a pleasing light on the causes of Venezuelan revolutions.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Cairo at ten o'clock on the morning of Dec. 16, and arrived at Suez at a quarter to four on the same afternoon. They immediately went on board the battle-ship *Renown*, and continued their voyage to India.

General William Frost Nuthall, formerly of the Bengal Infantry, who died on Dec. 10, in his eighty-fifth year, had seen considerable service in Burma. Taking part in the operations of 1852 and 1853, he drew together three outposts of the Arracan Battalion, and with them surprised and captured the Norigan stockade at the head of the Aeng Pass. On four occasions he was the recipient of the Governor-General's thanks. General Nuthall married twice; first, a daughter of Mr. James Wood, of Calcutta; secondly,

a daughter of the late General Beckwith Baker. He retired from the Army after forty years of service.

The late General W. F. Nuthall, Distinguished Indian Campaigner.

The British Association is projecting a meeting in the Zambesi. Science would have a picturesque environment at Victoria Falls; but even the ardent devotee may find the journey rather inconvenient.

The Mullah appears to have a fine sense of humour. He sends frequent messages to the British authorities, intimates his desire to make peace on condition that a port be granted to him, and says that if there is to be any further fighting he hopes the British will send white men, who will be worthy to meet his Somali warriors.

The spell of cold weather has caused acute suffering among the London poor. There is much difference of opinion, however, as to the extent of the distress. Mr. C. S. Lock, of the Charity Organisation Society, says that the proposals for relief are likely to draw to London an army of "loafers and casuals" and to attract into their ranks the more respectable men and women. But this view is controverted by other authorities.

Sir William Edmund Garstin, promoted to the dignity of G.C.M.G. for his services in connection with the Nile Dam, is Under-Secretary of State for Public Works in Egypt. Born in India in 1849, and educated at Cheltenham and King's Colleges, he entered the Indian Public Works Department in 1872, and was ordered to Egypt in 1885,

where, in May of 1892, he was appointed Inspector-General of Irrigation.

His appointment as Under-Secretary of State for Public Works dates from the following September.

Sir William

received the C.M.G. in 1894, and the K.C.M.G. in 1897. He also holds the Grand Cordon Medjidie and the Second Class Osmanieh. He married Mary Isabella, daughter of the late Charles A. North, in 1888.

Six British hatters have been allowed to land at Melbourne after a high Constitutional debate. Australian law prohibits the immigration of labourers under contract, unless it can be shown that they possess some special skill essential to the prosperity of the Commonwealth. Sir Edmund Barton has decided that the six hatters do possess that skill. When we hear so much about the decline of technical accomplishment in our industries, it is comforting to know that we can at least rely on our hatters.

General Botha and General Delarey have sailed for South Africa. The American mission they have delegated to Mr. De Villiers; but it may be taken for granted that the Generals have abandoned any hope of persuading the world to contribute further to the Boer funds.

Sir Benjamin Baker, who receives in the bestowal of the K.C.B. a fitting reward for his services as consulting engineer of the Nile Reservoirs, is sixty-two years of age, and, as civil engineer, is responsible for a number of important works in this country, in Canada, and in South Africa. With Sir John Fowler he was joint-engineer of the Forth Bridge, and it was his work in connection with that structure that brought him, in 1890, the K.C.M.G. at the hands of the King, then Prince of Wales. Sir Benjamin is a member of the Ordnance Committee, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has been honoured by the Universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

The Porte has issued a circular to the Powers repudiating all responsibility for the disturbances in Macedonia, which are ascribed to the instigation of Bulgaria. At Constantinople the Bulgarian Government is freely credited with a design to bring about European intervention by the kind of agitation that sticks at nothing.

The trouble still smoulders in Macedonia, and although official notes point to order having been restored, reports from Sofia state that twenty-four Macedonian workmen who were returning from their work had been killed by a Turkish patrol on the frontier near Dubnitza. This telegram comes as a curiously ironical comment upon two optimistic circulars issued by the Porte on the day the murders were announced.

American millionaires are to have a club in Piccadilly called the Calumet. A few Englishmen may be admitted as members, but the club is to be primarily the London home of the American magnate of finance.



Photo. Knight.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. J. OLIPHANT, M.V.O.,

To Command the Home District from Jan. 1, 1903.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR W. E. GARSTIN,
Decorated for Services in Connection with
the Nile Dam.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR A. E. DOUGLAS, K.C.B.,
Commander-in-Chief North American
and West Indian Stations.



SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, K.C.M.G.,
Decorated for Engineering Services in the
Construction of the Nile Dam.

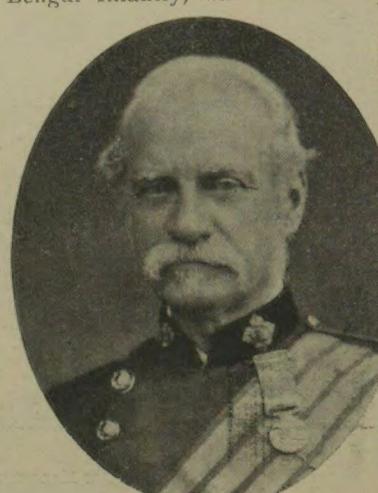
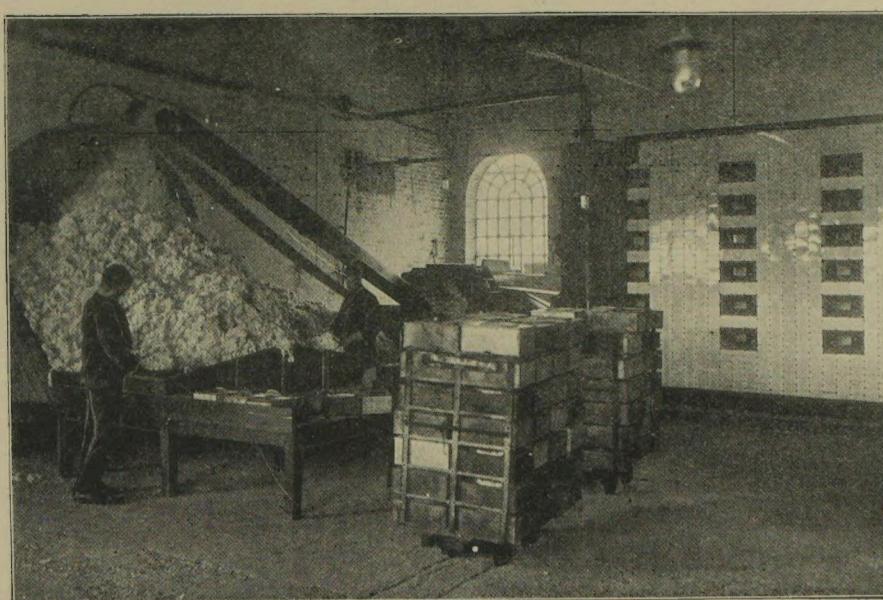


Photo. Maull and Fox.

THE LATE GENERAL W. F. NUTHALL,
Distinguished Indian Campaigner.

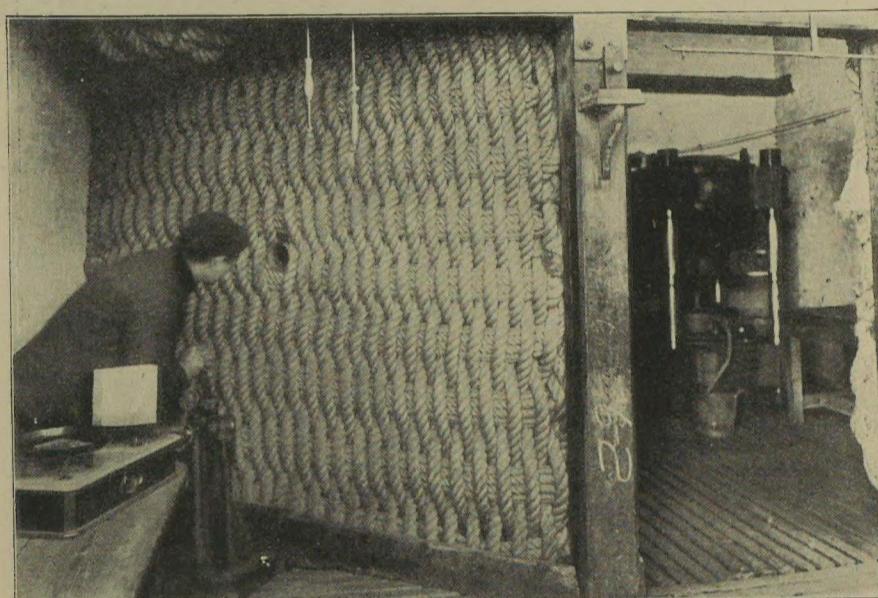
a daughter of the late General Beckwith Baker. He retired from the Army after forty years of service.



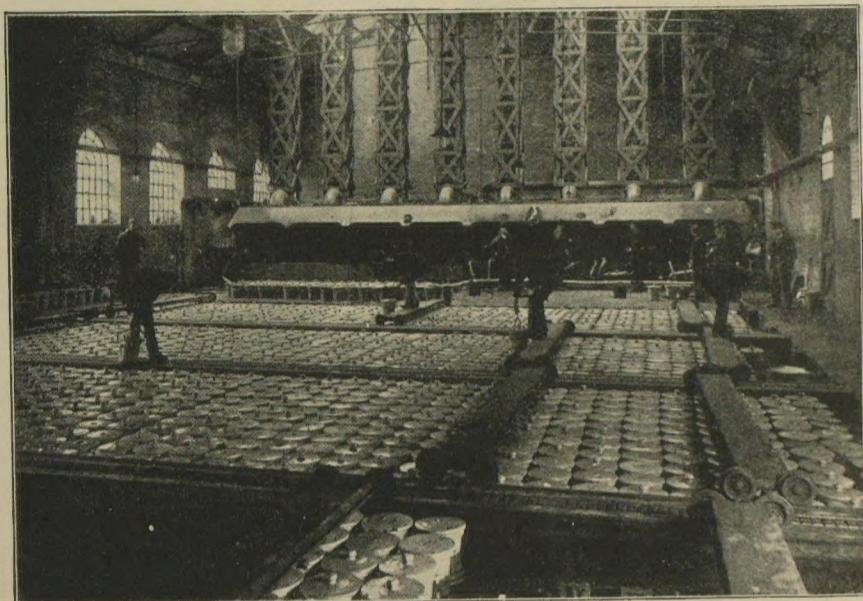
CUTTING AND WEIGHING THE FINISHED EXPLOSIVE.



PICKING THE COTTON.



PRESSING THE PULP, SHOWING PLAITED CABLE PROTECTION FOR OPERATOR.



THE COOLING-ROOM.

THE RECENT ACCIDENTS AT EXPLOSIVE-FACTORIES: THE MANUFACTURE OF GUNCOTTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REINHOLD THIELE.

The dangers attending the manufacture of explosives have during the past few months been repeatedly emphasised. Since the accident at Hounslow several explosions fall to be noted, the most recent of these being one at Walthamstow and one at Cliffe, Kent, both on December 15. At the latter two workmen employed in mixing the paste for cordite were blown to pieces.



THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A SUBMARINE FROM FIRE IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

While the gasoline was being pumped out of Submarine No. 2, preparatory to docking her, the substance, from some unexplained cause, took fire. The blazing gasoline floated round the boat, and the flames and clouds of steam were so violent that it was at first believed that the boat and all her crew were destroyed. Owing, however, to the prompt measures taken, the fire was extinguished.



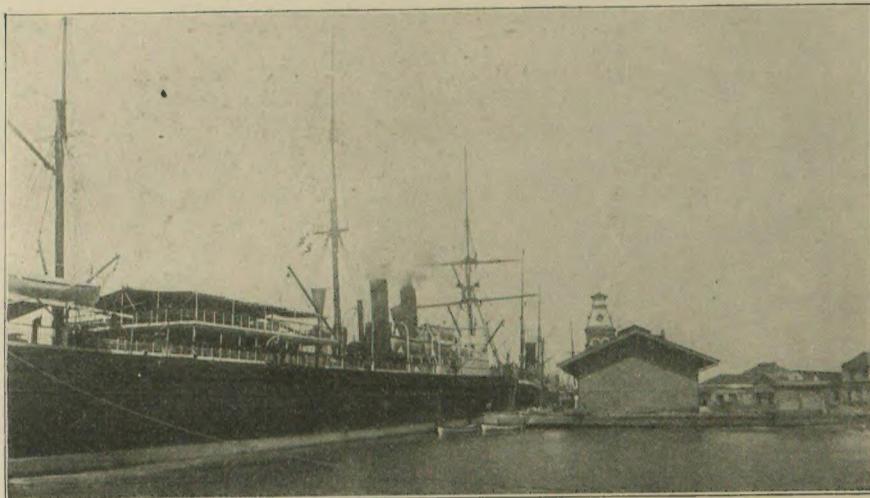
THE INDIAN DROUGHT: PRIMITIVE IRRIGATION WITH BAMBOO BASKETS.



PRIMITIVE IRRIGATION: THE DISCHARGE OF WATER FROM THE BASKETS.

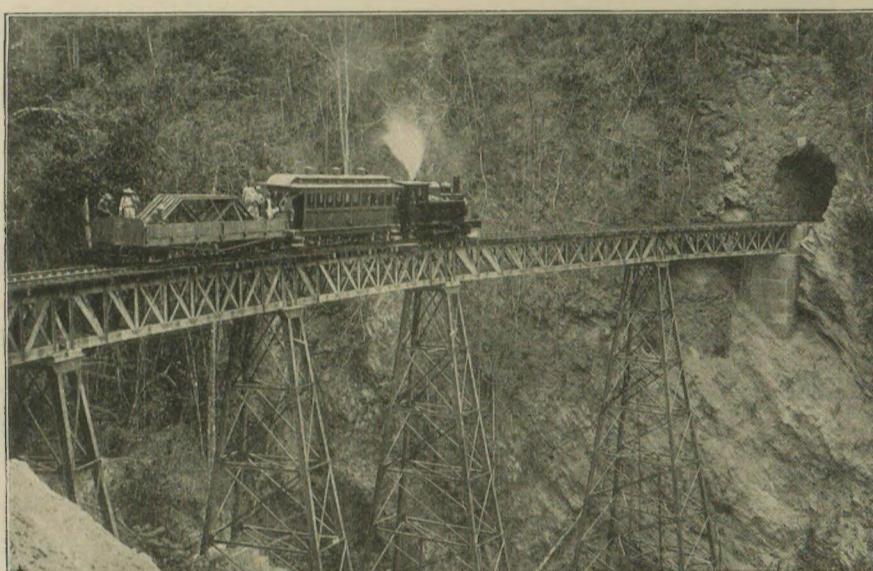
This method of irrigation is practised in the Nizam's dominions at Medak. The baskets are made of bamboo strips closely plaited, held by two persons by means of ropes attached to each side. The basket is filled in a tank, and the water is then lifted with a quick motion and poured into a trench connected with the rice-fields.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN-ITALIAN ULTIMATUM TO VENEZUELA: SCENES IN THE RECALCITRANT REPUBLIC.



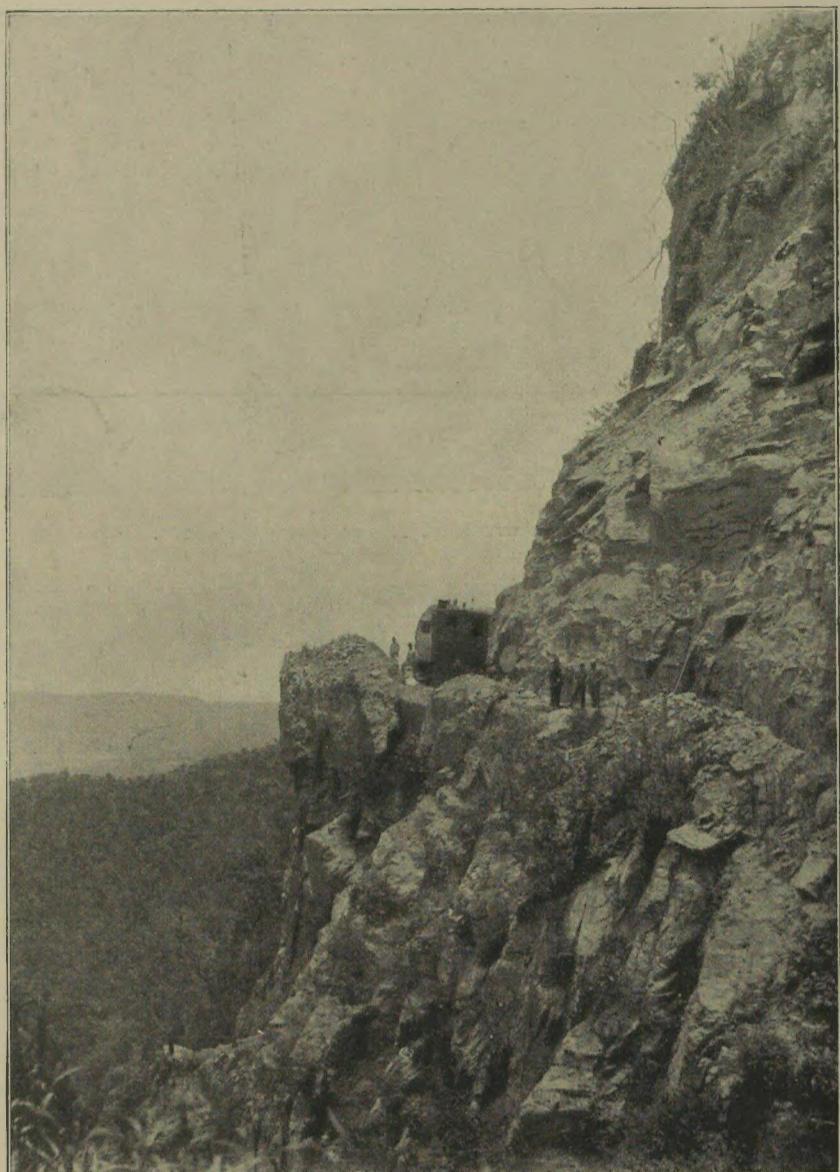
Custom-House.

THE SCENE OF THE BOMBARDMENT, DECEMBER 13: PUERTO CABELLO HARBOUR, SHOWING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.



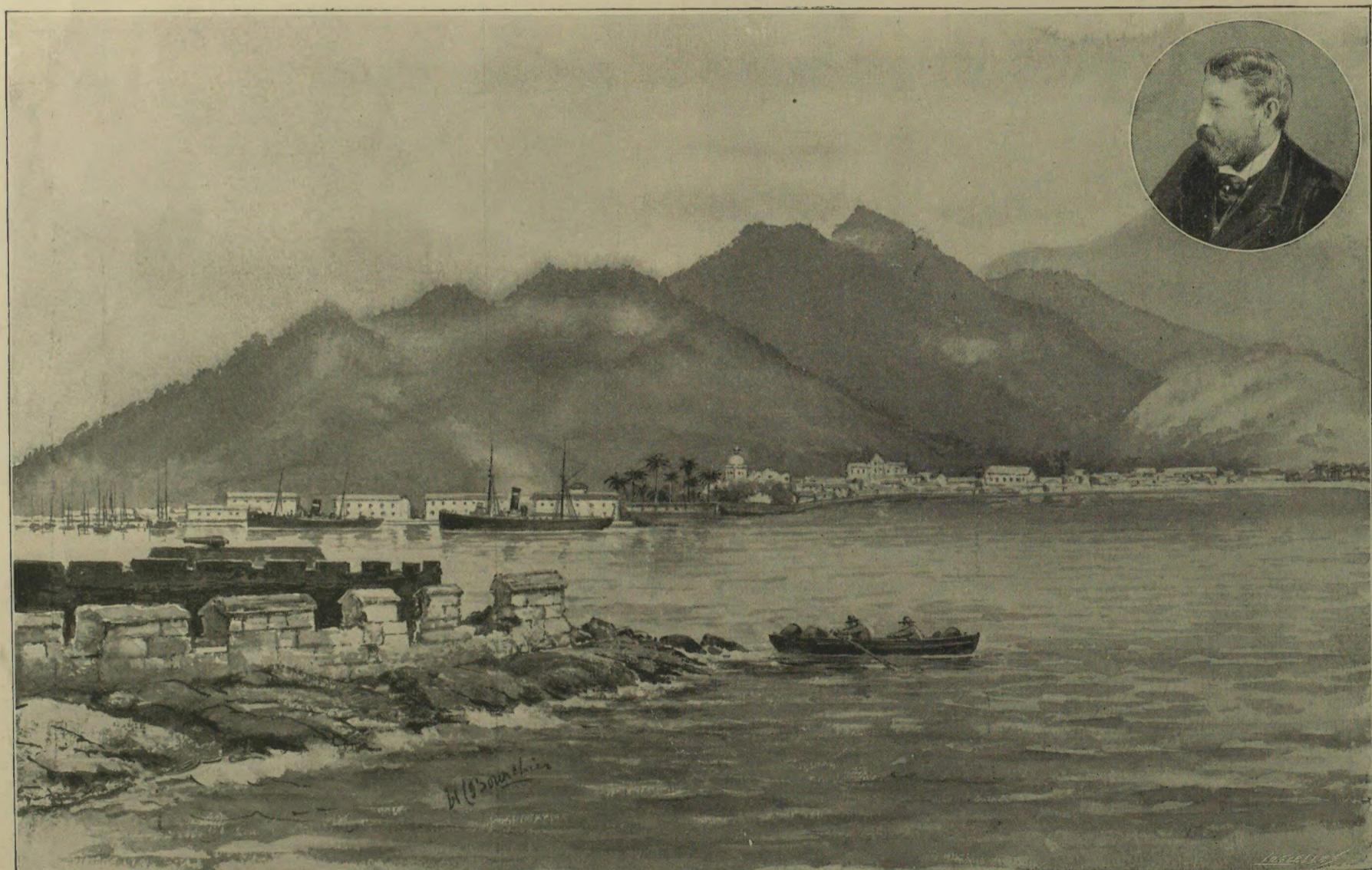
Photo, Kaye.

A TRESTLE-BRIDGE OVER A GORGE ON THE RAILWAY BETWEEN LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS.



THE WONDERFUL VENEZUELAN RAILWAY: A TRAIN CROSSING BOQUERON, THE STEEPEST MOUNTAIN PASS BETWEEN LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS.

MR. W. H. D. HAGGARD,
The British Minister at Caracas.



Fort.

Custom-House.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PUERTO CABELLO: THE HARBOUR, SHOWING THE OLD FORT WHICH RETURNED THE ALLIED CRUISERS' FIRE, AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

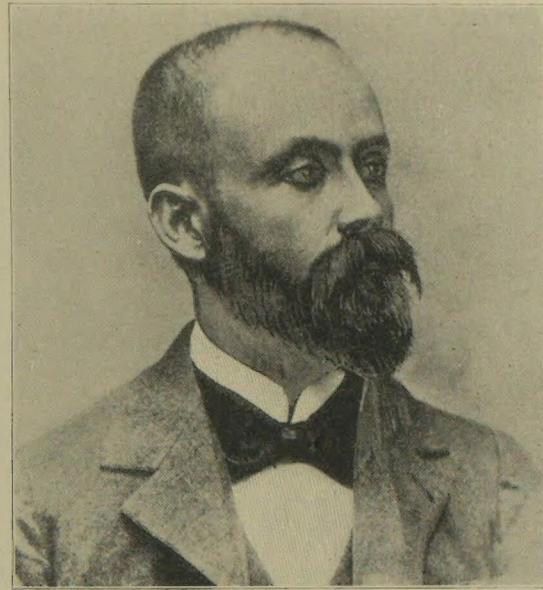
SKETCH BY THE REV. W. C. BOURCHIER, R.N.

Puerto Cabello means the "harbour of the hair," the idea underlying the name being that the anchorage is so safe that vessels can be held, as it were, by a single hair. It was the last port held in Venezuela by Spain.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN-ITALIAN ULTIMATUM TO VENEZUELA: SCENES IN THE RECALCITRANT REPUBLIC.



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS,
CARACAS.



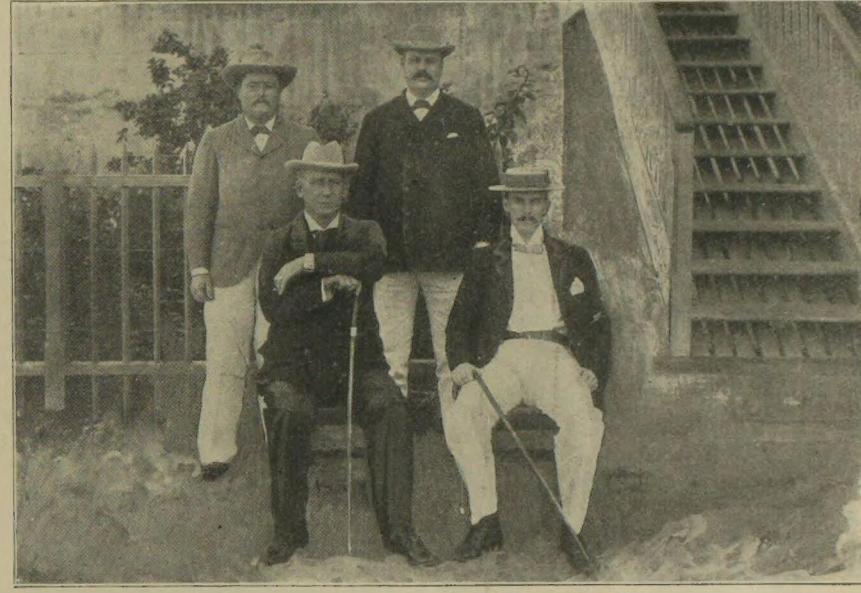
THE LEADER OF THE VENEZUELANS;
PRESIDENT CASTRO.



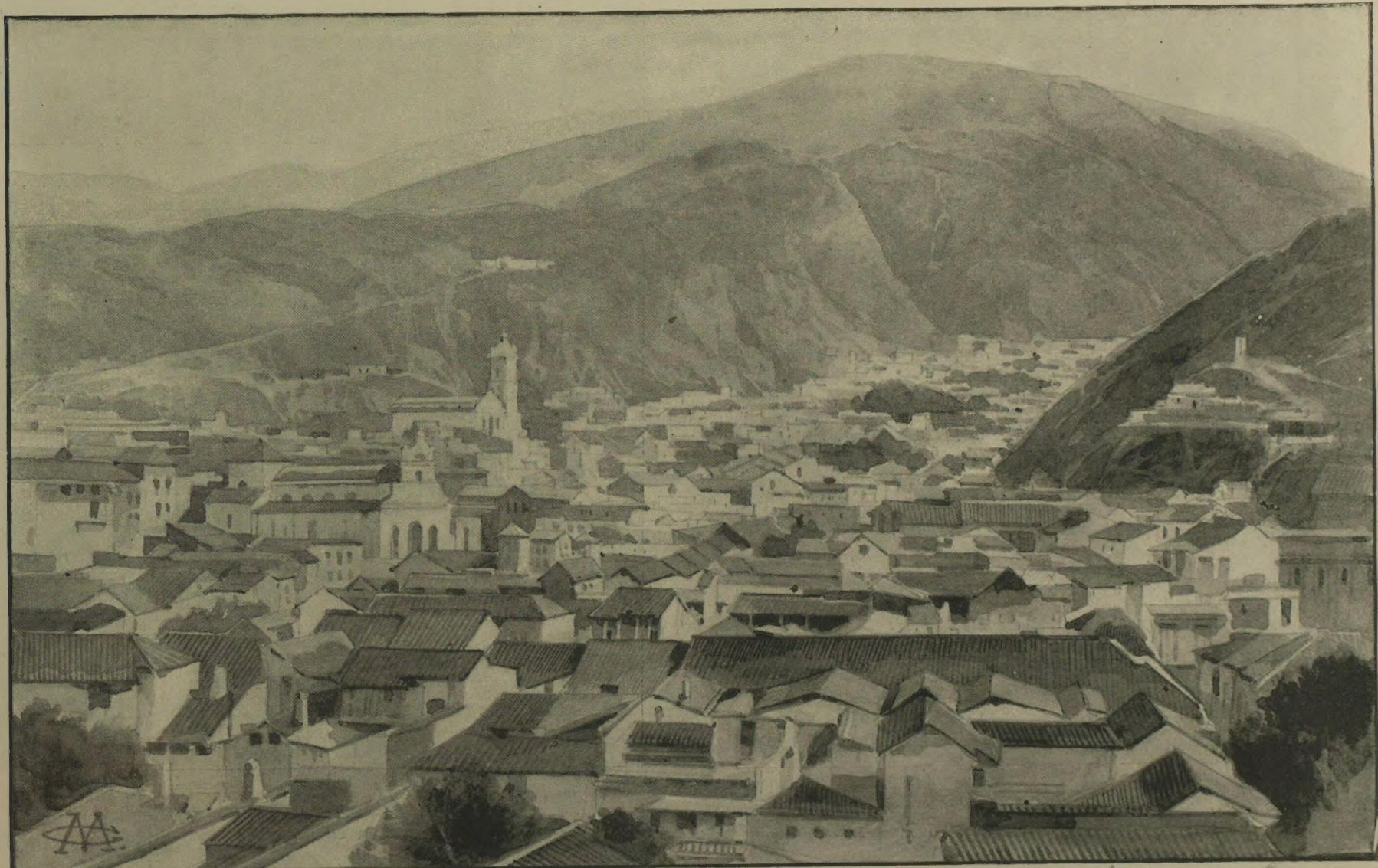
PRESIDENT CASTRO IN THE COURT OF HIS HOUSE
AT CARACAS.



HERR LEUTZ, THE GERMAN VICE-CONSUL, AND HIS FAMILY
BEFORE THEIR RESIDENCE IN CARDONAL.



MR. G. L. LEPAGE,
Accountant to La Guayra Harbour Co.
MR. H. W. PRINCE,
Manager, La Guayra Harbour Co. Asst -Manager, La Guayra Harbour Co.
BRITISH SUBJECTS RESCUED BY THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH COMBINED FORCE
AND TAKEN ABOARD THE "RETRIBUTION."

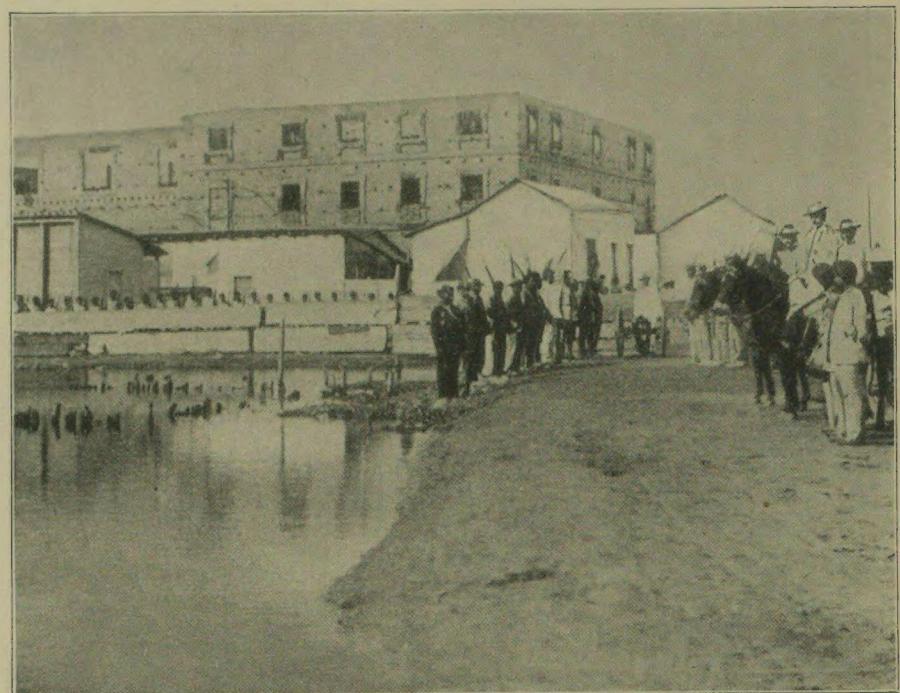


THE SCENE OF THE SEIZURE OF THE VENEZUELAN FLEET: LA GUAYRA, THE PORT OF CARACAS.
DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD.

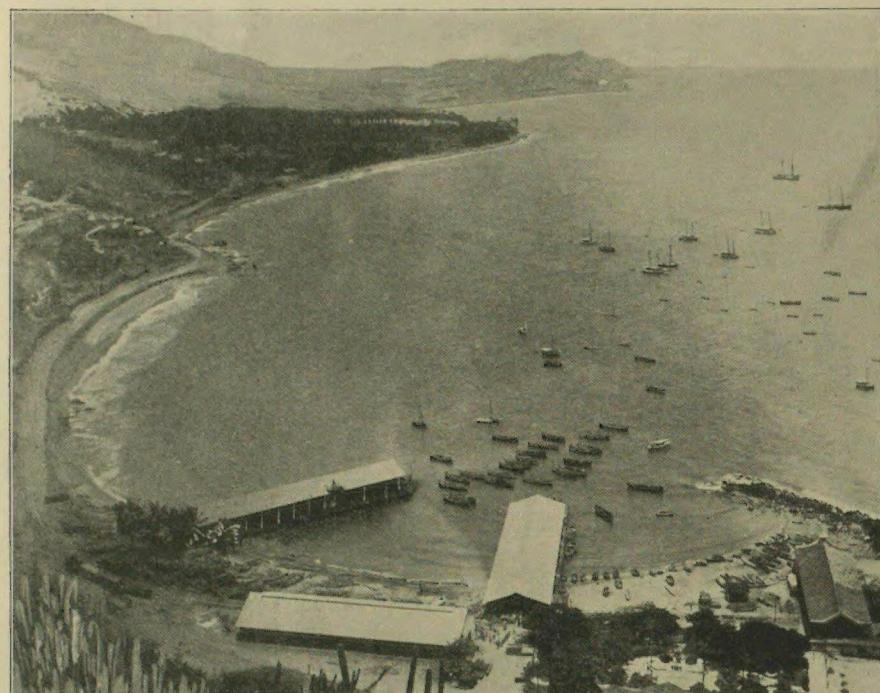
THE ANGLO-GERMAN-ITALIAN ULTIMATUM TO VENEZUELA: SCENES IN THE RECALCITRANT REPUBLIC.



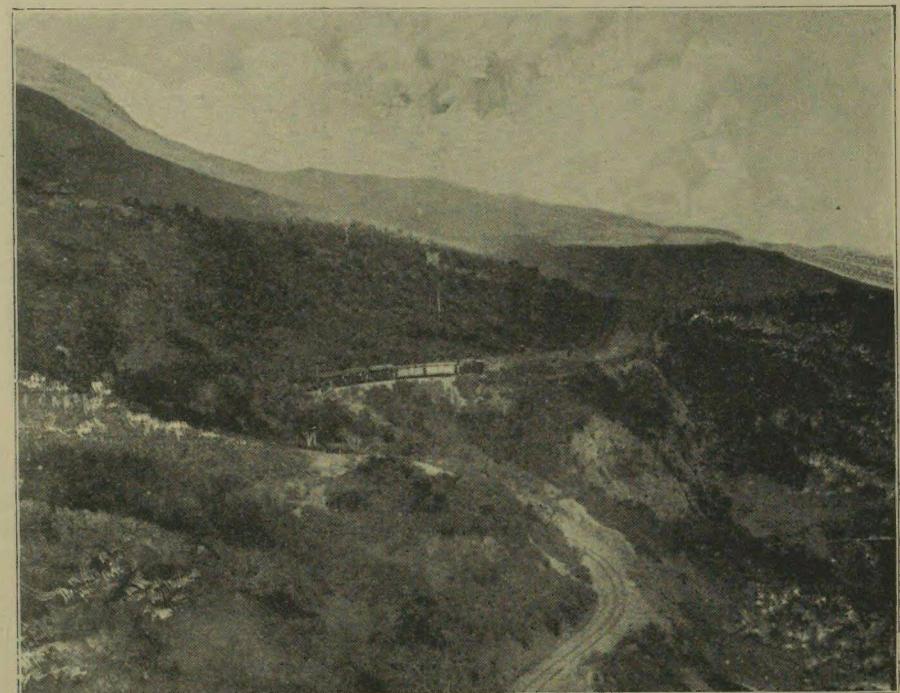
THE HARBOUR COMPANY'S HOUSE AT LA GUAYRA, IN WHICH THE ENGLISH OFFICIALS—NOW SUPERSEDED BY VENEZUELANS—BARRICADED THEMSELVES.



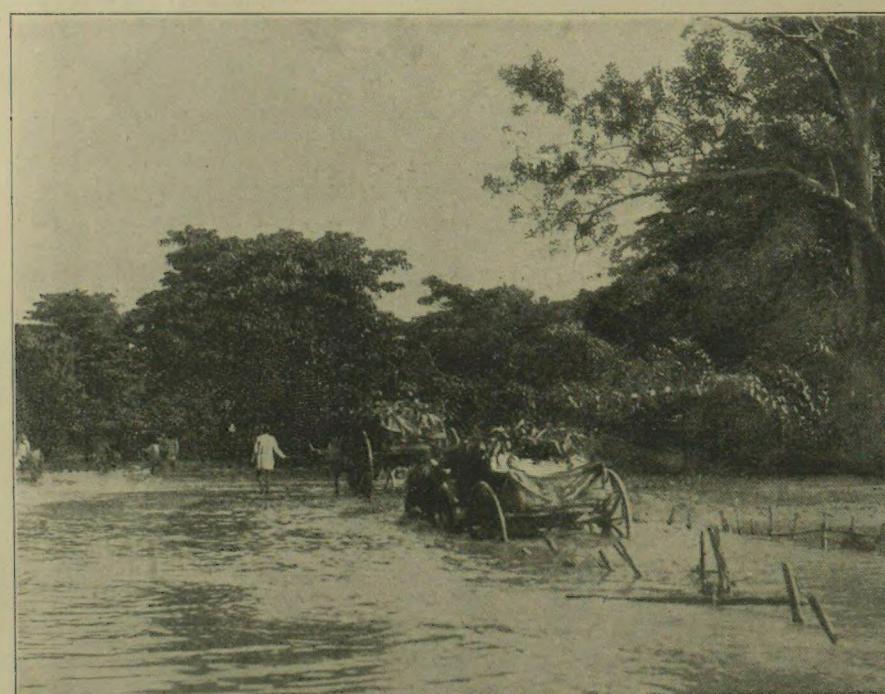
A SCENE AT PUERTO CABELLO, BOMBARDED BY THE ANGLO-GERMAN FLEET DECEMBER 13.



LA GUAYRA: THE ROADSTEAD AND TERMINUS OF THE RAILWAY TO CARACAS.

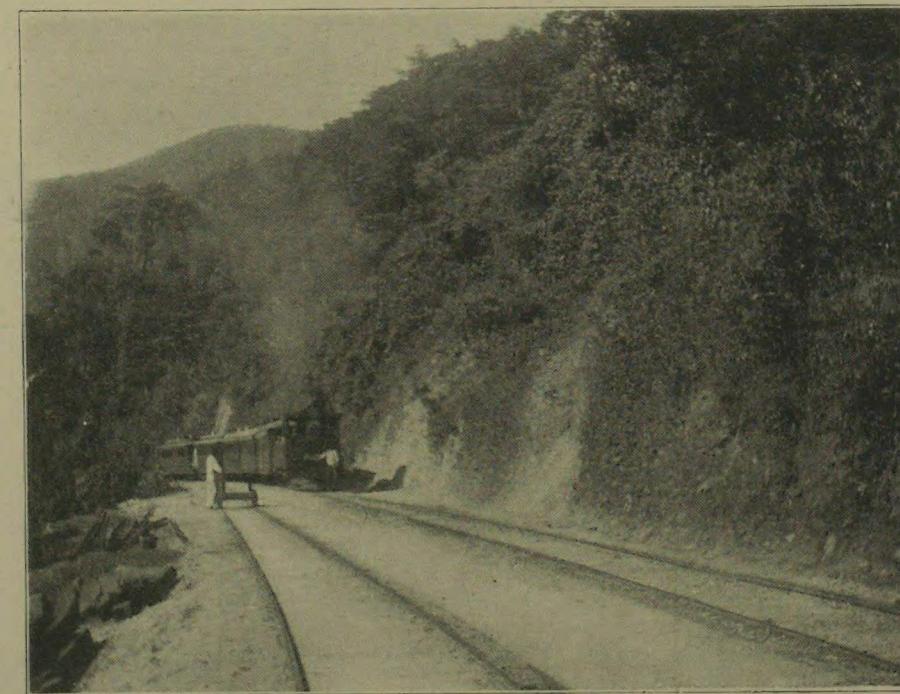


A MOUNTAIN PASS HALFWAY BETWEEN LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS, SHOWING THE ZIGZAG RAILWAY LINE.



DIFFICULTIES OF VENEZUELAN TRAVEL: THE MAIN CART-ROAD BETWEEN PUERTO CABELLO AND VALENCIA—CROSSING THE RETOBO IN FLOOD.

The distance from La Guayra to Caracas is about six miles as the crow flies, but by railway it is nearly four times as long. The track traverses a steep mountainous region in a series of extraordinary windings. It first goes westward to the Boqueron Pass, and then south-east to Caracas.



A SCENE ON THE RAILWAY BETWEEN LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS: CURUCUTI, THE WATER STATION.

MISS AND MY LADY.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



Illustrated by A. Forestier.

THERE are few people that can truly say they have tricked Dick Ryder, and fewer still can say that in the end he did not wriggle out of his predicament (whatsoever it might be) and turn the tables on them. Yet of these few one, I will confess, was a woman, and a woman I had eyes for, though I am not fool enough to cast my wits away for a petticoat. I have always admired spirit in the sex, but there is a point at which it degenerates into vice, and of such shrews or vixens I wish any man joy. They are good to be beat if you be so inclined, but for myself I have never taken up stick, lash, or fist against any woman, and never would so long as I am free of the topsman.

The adventure happened when I was by Maidstone in the summer of 1685, coming up from Dover very merry. I had ridden round from Deal and lain at the Crown in Dover the night before, and I warrant I had made the people of the inn open their eyes with what tales I told of Court and Old Rowley and affairs of State. I cannot say why, but all the way from Deal to London I seemed possessed of a devil that would wag me, whether I willed it or not. I am not used to be so precipitate, but 'twas as if a cask of French brandy had gotten into my brains and set 'em a-quarrelling. At least, I was gay-headed and recked of nothing. Not that I care for any risk or peril under the sun if it be necessary; but this was to go rollicking, with the gait, so to say, of a drunken man, whistling on danger and leering at fate—a mighty foolish thing to do for any man. There is no question but I would not have fallen into that blunder by Leeds Castle if I had been in any other mood. But there it was—the devil was in me, as I say.

I pulled out of Dover pretty late, and with a parting wave of my hand at as sweet a kinxiewinsky as I have seen, I started on the London Road in good temper and good fettle. But ere I had gone a mile or so, I came up with a little fat, dark fellow that had been at the inn and had listened agog to my tales. It was, "Lord, Sir, say

you so?" and "Bless me, I would not ha' believed it!" and then again, "Save us, what shall we hear next?" Well, this little black man, as it seems, was steward, or factotum, or what-ye-may-call-it to my Lady Dane, who, also, as it seemed, had lain at Dover overnight, having crossed in a packet from France, and was on her way to Winchester by Reigate and Guildford. The fellow was not given to talking, but more to listening, with his "bless me-s," but he was a simple rustic, and you may fancy that I led him on so that he opened his mouth as wide as I my ears. For this Lady Dane was a rich widow (so he said), and, moreover, a woman that was greatly besought in marriage by many suitors of all degrees, and both for her looks and her money. 'Tis not I that would blame any man that saw his chance to seize beauty and booty alike together. 'Tis the worst of it that they generally go singly—at least, to judge by what I have seen of fine ladies. Well, says the little black man, my Lady Dane was on a journey to her home on the Itchin in the company of her niece, that was daughter to the late Sir Philip's brother, and he was going afore to prepare for them at Maidstone, as they were not yet started. It seemed that my Lady had property in Maidstone, and was for giving a water-fountain to the town in her kindness.

"My lady," says he, puffing himself out, "rises late, like any lady of the Court."

"Why," said I, "she must be a rare fine woman—that she must, from your accounts. I would like to clap eyes on her, so that I might compare her with the beauties"; for he was the most obsequious in praise of his mistress that ever you heard, and vexed my soul. "And the niece," says I, "would be pretty handsome too."

"The niece!" says he, with a gesture of contempt, waving his hands in a foreign way in imitation of what he had seen in France, and thus nearly falling off his nag. "Oh! the niece is well enough," says he, and recovered himself carefully. "Je ne sais quoi," says he, and shook his head with a mighty knowing look. "She would do pretty well, but not in a capital, not in

Paris or London, where there is need always of the most elegant style. You, Sir, with your knowledge of cities, know that. You have the air."

It tickled me to see the little fool a-sitting uneasily on his big horse, with his toes cocked out on each side, looking for all the world like a radish that would split as he bobbed and bounced up and down upon the saddle, and mimicking foreign airs and tongues and manners as if 'twere natural to him. But I kept a grave face until I had gotten out of him what I wanted, by which time 'twas late in the afternoon (for we had ridden together all the way), and we were within ten miles of Maidstone. So I bade him good-bye and good-luck, for he was not worth any gentleman wasting his hands on, and, turning the mare up a lane, left him to pursue his way to Maidstone alone. But a mile or so along the lane I pitched on a wayside tavern, where I took leave to rest and refresh the mare and myself while waiting; for, from what I had gathered from the steward, the lady would make no start before twelve, in which case she would not be in Maidstone before six at the least. So there I sat and waited, with never a companion, and not even a serving-wench to clack tongues with. A little before six I rode down and came into the Maidstone highway near by Leeds Castle, where the moat was shining in the descending sun, and the pastures spread very ample and green to the heights beyond. I waited there for an hour in a convenient copse, and in the end got very tired.

"Damme!" says I with a yawn, "this Mother Beauty has overslept herself for certain, and will save her jewels after all"; for I was in no mood to wait until the next day for the chance, being due in London. There was the lake, first gleaming with the sun, then with long shadows afloat and stretching, and at the last plunged in vacant blankness. This was near upon twilight, and I was for cursing myself as a fool to attend upon the whims of a woman, when there was the sound in the distance of rumbling wheels, and I pulled Calypso out and waited by the grassy border of the road.

'Twas not long before the chaise came up, rolling in a



"No," says I; "I kiss no maid against her will."

dignified way down the hill, and speaking of wealth and consideration in every spoke and appointment. There was the coachman with his fellow beside him, and two spirited horses, and, if you please, by the lackey was a huge and bell-mouthed blunderbuss, like a brass viol. I could ha' yelled for laughter at the sight of them and their brave preparations. Rip me! what a formidable array 'twas, with two gallant fellows in livery, all ready to blow the soul out of such as Galloping Dick and his kidney! Why, the first time I ever clapped peepers on 'em I could see that there was no fight in them. So I put the mare right across the way and waited. The twilight was come now, and the coachman called out to me to stand aside.

"Are ye drunk?" says he, as he draws up of necessity.

"No," says I; "I am only a poor fellow that's thirsty and tired of waiting on you, and would like to be drunk," said I.

"Tis a 'wayman!" shouted t'other lackey; and pulled up his blunderbuss. But I put the point of my sword in his wrist, and he dropped it with a howl.

"What's this?" now cried a voice from the interior of the chaise; and, pushing the mare to the window, I looked in. There was the lady, sure enough, of whom the little fat man had spoke; and he had been right about her looks, for in her anger she was mighty handsome. But her companion, that was the niece, according to the steward, was by no means what he had suggested, being a tall girl of a delicate beauty, with a gentle kindness in her eye, very becoming to modest virginity. My Lady was in a storm of anger.

"Who are you?" she said furiously.

"Why," said I, "I know not if 'tis of consequence to your Ladyship to discover who it is or who it isn't that rumpads you, so long as you be rumpadded; but if it be any convenience to you, why, set me down in your accounts as Galloping Dick of the Roads, and debit me with what you will," says I.

"You would rob me?" said she, looking at me sharply, and, as I could see, controlling herself with an effort.

"Your Ladyship has a mind that flies direct to the point," said I politely; "I call Miss in witness of its quickness. Never so much as a word have I spoke afore you out with your guess. You would rob me," says you. Why, damme! I will not deny a lady."

She looked at me in doubt for a moment, as if she would count me up, and then it was that I got my first idea of her quality, for her gaze pierced me through, and there was capacity in her very bearing.

"You would rob a poor woman?" said she next, in a softer voice. "I thought 'twas only fat, bloated purses that you gentlemen of the road would steal."

"No," says I, "I take nothing under five hundred guineas, and if there be some jewels to crown the pile I will not refuse them"—for this, I knew from the little fat fool's talk, was what her Ladyship carried.

She bit her lip, but still kept her temper.

"I see you are pleased to jest with me," said she. "You gentlemen are as light of heart as of finger. Come, you shall have my twenty guineas, if you are so hard, and I will even refrain my curse, if you will kindly withdraw your head and allow me to proceed"—and at that she thrust towards me a little bag. She was as cool as ever I have seen man or woman, which was the more remarkable, seeing how evil was her real temper. But I took the bag and still kept my place.

"Hark you, Madam," said I, for I was not ill-pleased to have a duel worthy of my tongue and skill; "Galloping Dick never makes a wanton boast, nor asks what he gets not, nor is afraid of his own mind. There is five hundred guineas with you, the which I will beg of you for a keepsake, and in kind memory also will ask those pretty toys." And I pointed at her necklace. "Had I not been kept a-yawning my head off the two hours by the wayside, maybe I would have taken the one and left t'other; but, sink! me I am of a mind for both now," says I.

Again she shot me a glance, and I thought for a moment that she would have shouted an order to her servants, and have driven on and trusted to chance. But perhaps she came to the conclusion that the hazard was too great, as indeed it was, for I would have clapped holes through chaise and coachman ere they had rolled three paces, and her Ladyship might have come off in that case worse than I was for leaving her. At any rate, she did nothing so foolish, but merely uttered an exclamation in which her fury and her chagrin were indicated, and says she in angry despair.

"Will nothing make you give up? Cannot I persuade you in any way to use me decently? Lord forgive you, I thought that the Toby had some sense of gallantry."

"By the Lord!" said I promptly, "and if there is any huff that says 'no' to that, I would run him through his midriff. We are no money-weasels, and least of all, Dick Ryder. And maybe that name is known to you, Madam," said I.

"Why, I have heard it, sure," says she eagerly. "And those that have spoken of you have given you a good name, for a brave and chivalrous fellow."

"I have a good repute, and that widely," said I, for 'twas true enough, and maybe she had heard of my adventure with old Rowley and the Duchess of Cleveland, in which I played a pretty figure.

"Why, of course," said she; "I recall you now. Your name, Captain, has been bruited about the roads from one end of the kingdom to the other, and it has always come to my ears in good condition. If I recall aright, there was a tale in which you did some good to an honest woman."

"Does your Ladyship refer to Mrs. Barbara Crawford and to her abduction?" said I.

"Why," said she, "now 'tis what I did think of, more especially as a great friend of mine acquainted me with the facts."

"'Twas on the York Road," said I, looking at her, for her glib tongue of a sudden had made me shy at her, like a colt of two years.

"'Twas there, Captain, as I remember now well," said she.

"Well," says I, "'tis strange you should ha' happened upon some witnesses to that little episode, for I thought it had passed out of mind. But seeing your Ladyship is so mindful of me, let me hang if I do not mark it upon my account with you."

This I said, having discovered how greatly false she spoke, for 'twas not on York Road, but by Guildford, that the affair happened, and I would swear that she had heard not a word of it, which, nevertheless, she might very well have done, seeing that it was notorious in the town at the time.

"I am always glad to meet a famous man," said she.

"No more than I a handsome lady," said I. "And to show how deeply I am in earnest, I will forego half the account and all the jewels for a salutation from Miss there."

To say the truth, I had enjoyed my bout with the lady, and was disposed to be lenient to her for all her airs and sharpness. But the sight of the niece's eyes of a sudden warmed me and incited me; for she was looking at me gently, with an odd expression of interest and of wonder, and her bosom rose and fell swiftly. You may guess that that set it on even a swifter ebb and tide.

"What d'ye mean?" asked her Ladyship.

"I am a gentleman adventurer," said I, "and, damme! I will not deny my calling; 'tis efficient at the least. But if Miss there will permit me the salutation, rip me! you shall go scot free."

At that, Miss shrank into her corner, all the expression fled from her face, which was white and stark. But my Lady turns on her.

"Hear you that, Celia?" says she. "Buss and let us get on, since this gallant gentleman must have already delayed himself over-long."

"You are right," said I. "'Tis a scurvy long time since I ha' been waiting here."

"If you haste not, Celia," says she, very ironic in tone, "the gentleman will be getting impatient—as well he may, seeing your pale beauty."

Now this (for 'twas nothing but a sneer) set me against her, the girl being mightily more handsome than herself and of a fine frailty. But I said nothing, only looked at Miss, who seemed as if she would have withered out of the chaise.

"Celia!" cries her Ladyship sharply.

"You—you must be jesting, Madam. You cannot mean it," says Miss in a low voice. "I have stood much from you, but this insult—"

But my Lady broke in, "You will do what I say," she said harshly; "I command you."

"I will not," says t'other. "Indeed, Madam, I may not. Ask me not so to violate myself."

Upon that her Ladyship turned about. "Hark ye," she said, and whispered in her ear, and upon that, observing her to wince, she said aloud, "What, d'ye hesitate, when 'tis to spare five hundred guineas and some odd jewels, including your own?"

"I—I value not mine, Madam," says Miss, trembling.

"Well, there is mine," said she, "and if they be of not much marketable value, there is a higher value I put upon them, since they were given me by your dear uncle. You shall save them."

But, Lord! I am a pretty judge of jewels, and she was lying; for there was more worth in her jewels far than in her guineas. But I said nothing, only listened, to hear what Miss would answer.

She hesitated, and her Ladyship made a peremptory gesture. "Why, 'tis cheap enough," said she sardonically. Miss still hesitated, and then, as it seemed, on a rap from her Ladyship, very white of face and drawn, leaned across to the window. I saw the large eyes gleam in the faint light, and they were like pools at even in which the stars do set; but her lips were trembling.

"I have never bought jewels so cheap," says my Lady with her sneer, thinking, no doubt, that the bargain was struck now and the act consummated.

"No!" says I; "I kiss no maid against her will. Fetch forth the pieces and the toys, my Lady."

Miss fell back, still white, and I saw something leap in her eye. She put her kerchief before her face and sobbed.

"Damme!" says I roughly, "out with the goldfinches, or must I make bold to help myself from ye? There is too much prattle here, and I have delayed long enough."

The lady had gone red with anger, and moved her arm as though she would have struck someone in her fury; but suddenly containing herself, and considering, as I must suppose, that 'twould put no embargo on the guineas and the diamonds, she says, says she—

"If my niece will not save my jewels at the price, I, at any rate, will save hers." And she leaned softly towards me.

Now in a flash I saw what she intended, and how she would go any length to preserve her property, the which gave me but a poor thought of her for a basely avaricious woman with no pretensions to honour, and (as was clear) a very brutal mind and temper towards the girl. So I did that which maybe I should not ha' done, though 'tis hard to say, and no one ever accused Dick Ryder justly of handling a woman harshly. But she would have put me in a hole else, with her quickness and her cunning; and there was only the one way out, which I took.

"No," says I, "there is no talk of Miss's jewels. What she may have she may keep. I war not on pretty girls. And as for yours, Madam—damme! there's nothing will save 'em! No, split me, there isn't!"

She fell quite white, as I could see even in the gloom, and for a perceptible moment hesitated. 'Twas then, I suppose, that she made up her mind, casting this way and that venomously and desperately for a way out.

"Well," said she, in a muffled voice, "I cry you mercy. Here's what ye are wanting!" And she flung her bag at me; and with her fingers, that trembled, undid the necklet she wore, and handed it to me.

"Come, that's the mood in which to take reverses,"

says I cheerfully. "I'll warrant there's more where these came from, and more behind them again; for I should think shame to rob the last jewel from a neck that so becomes 'em." This I said by way of consolation for her vanity, if that were touched at my previous refusal. But she said nothing to that; only put her head nearer, and addressed me with a chastened voice—

"Look ye, Captain, I think you be a hard man, but not so hard perhaps as you may seem. I ask not for myself, as you've taken all I had, but for my niece here, who has had the privilege of your benevolence to retain what she has. You have said your name is Ryder, and I will believe you. 'Tis nothing to me now if it be Ryder or Creech, as—"

"Creech!" says I, for I knew Dan Creech well, and had, indeed, been in some surprises with him.

"Yes, Creech!" said she, looking me steady in the face. "I was warned of a ruffian named Creech that would haunt this road to Maidstone."

"Well, Creech," said I, "will reap nothing from bare acres."

"No," said she, "save from my niece."

And there she spoke truly enough, as I saw; for if Creech was on that road (and maybe he was), I knew him better than to suppose he would be content with their asseverations. He would rummage and overhaul, would Creech, and there was never gold or farden would escape Danny's notice, not if 'twas as pitch black as midnight.

"As you have been so generous," said my Lady, "I thought that maybe you would go further, and save my niece from robbery and me from further needless alarms. It seems to me, though I may be prejudiced, that you owe me that at least."

I thought on that for a moment, and—well, I had not spared Miss to let her fall a victim later; so says I—

"You mean that I shall give you my protection?"

"I see that you are quick of your wits," said she, speaking evenly now, and not with any irony apparent.

"Done!" says I. "I will conduct ye to within a mile of Maidstone, and you shall go secure. I'll swear to that."

"Will ye not be afraid to venture so closely?" asked she.

"I will conduct ye up to the doors of Maidstone," said I. "Damme! I'll see you safe within the precincts."

"Spoken like a brave knight of the roads," said her Ladyship, and lay back in her seat. "And now, perhaps, you will be good enough to bid my coachman drive on."

There was something in her tones which should have given me pause even then, if I had been less pleased with myself. But I had been hard with her, not in the matter of the jewels only, and I was disposed to meet her on a point, for all that I was sure she bullied the girl. So I rode on in the front and the coach rolled after me, for all the world as though I were advance guard in protection of beauty, which, after all, is pretty much what I was. There was no denying looks to her Ladyship, but she was of a hard, handsome face that has never taken me. You would swear she would never change till the tomb swallowed her, but would grow old and fade white insensibly, battling for her beauty all the way, and holding its handsome ghost until the end. If there was anyone that would be attracted by her person (and there must ha' been many), to say nothing of her purse, why, thank the Lord, 'twas not I. I would sooner lie in shackles at Newgate than have lain in shackles to her at my Lady's house. Not but what I can speak generously of her (as witness what I have wrote of her beauty), for I came out of the affair all right, yet by an accident, as you will see.

We had got near by Maidstone, within three miles, and the twilight had thickened into dark. There was never a soul upon the lonely road, for you may conceive that I kept a sharp eye, not only for Danny, if he should be about, as was possible, but also lest my Lady should play any trick upon me by the way. But I was not much afraid of that; as I knew there was nothing between us and Maidstone save a few scattered cottages and an insignificant village or two, which I would have warranted to scare with a blank charge. So when we were, as I say, within three miles of the town, her Ladyship put out her head and called to me.

"See you," said she, "there is the town drawing near, and you expose yourself in the front. It will serve if you ride behind and be for your better safety, Captain."

"Why," said I, "what the deuce do I mind of riding before or behind! There's none will take me, and I will fetch ye into Maidstone, as I have said."

"Well, Captain," said she, with a laugh, "I will confess 'twas not wholly your safety that moved me, which is not strange in the circumstances; but I should feel more secure myself were my escort in the rear, from which side 'tis more likely any assault would be made."

"I came at you in the front, Madam," said I.

"Ah! Captain Ryder is Captain Ryder," said she, beaming, "and was not afraid of my blunderbusses and my rascals. But conceive a less brave and straightforward adventurer that sees not only blunderbusses and lackeys, but a gallant swordsman to boot in front. 'Tis surely from the rear such a one would attack!"

"Oh, well," said I indifferently, "aloe or behind matters nothing. You will have no assault while Dick Ryder's sign-manual is on you, and that's his toasting-fork."

And so I fell behind, as she wished, and we proceeded. It was true enough, what she said, that the body of the coach would protect me from any eyes in front, and that I could make off more easily from the rear; but, Lord love you! I had no thoughts of that; and if I had been thinking of it, it might have occurred to me that, being in the van, I could see more plainly into what we were running than if I were in the rear. And, sure enough, that came near my undoing, for we had not gone two miles further, and were still some way out of the town bounds, when the coach suddenly pulled up before a tavern in a little village thereby, of which I cannot recall the name. We had passed several of these, and, as I have said, I cared not two straws for them, and so I was mildly exercised in my mind at this unexpected

stoppage, and, coming to myself, moved the mare slowly round t'other side of the coach to see what was forward.

"If she is thirsty," said I to myself, "she shall drink, and, if it came to that, I was thirsty myself. And I was ready to hold up the innkeeper with a pistol-butt while we all drank a draught to our better acquaintance and Miss's eyes, maybe. But as I came round I was suddenly aware of a small crowd of people, some wearing uniforms, armed with halberds and lanthorns, and in the middle a short important gentleman with a paper in his hand. I had no sooner made this discovery than her Ladyship shrieked out very loud—

"Seize that man! He is a highwayman!"

At that, all alert, I pulled Calypso round and put my heels into her flanks; but there was a bank of people before me in that quarter, and the chaise to one side and the tavern t' other, and ere I could draw half a dozen hands were on the mare, and two of a posse that was in the throng had their pistols on the level.

There was I, taken, netted like any duck in a decoy, for certain, and with no prospect even of a struggle, for the numbers against me were great. I saw that in the twinkling of an eye, and so sat still, making no effort to escape.

"What is this?" said I loudly. "Hands off, Sirrah! Do you dare arrest an innocent man? Who is in authority here, and what's his foolish name?" said I.

At that the short man came forward, and I saw

"I—I cannot discern very well—'tis dark," stammered Miss, and, rip me! I blessed the chit for that reluctance, though 'twas useless, as it happened, for says her Ladyship—

"Nonsense, baggage!" she says: "you can see quite plain." You are a coward, that's what it is. Here, James and Joshua, what say you—is this the villain?"

Whereupon the lackeys both swore with one voice that it was I, and that I had attacked them brutally; and says one that I had put a bullet near his leg, whereas 'twas his own silly blunderbuss that he dropped.

"That is sufficient, my Lady," says the Mayor, looking very pompous, and to that added what gave me the clue as to this unexpected trap. 'Twas nothing more nor less than that little toad, the fat steward, who, for all his gabble and talk, had forgot to say that the Mayor of Maidstone was to come forth to meet her Ladyship in state, in token of gratitude for favours to the townsfolk. 'Twas along of that fountain, as it seems, and I cursed the little fat fool in my heart in that, being so garrulous, he had put a limit to his tongue. But at the same time I could not but admire her Ladyship's admirable skill and cunning. Sink me! she was a wonder with her quickness, so to contrive to drag me into the trap. But these considerations availed me nothing, and I will confess that I saw no road of escape, though I am far from saying that I was beaten or that some

I paused and listened. Sounds still came to me, sailing on the night, and I stood awhile, chuckling to think how deeply her Ladyship was cursing, and how smartly I had evaded her. And upon that comes the thought of Miss.

"Why," thinks I, "she's a heart o' gold, is Miss; and that wild cat will be flying in her face with her claws"; and, the devil being in me, as I have said, all through that business, I turned about and came back into the road:

I jogged along comfortably until I was within a hundred yards of the inn, and here was the same confusion that I had left.

"What's this?" said I to a fellow that passed me.

"Oh," says he, "'tis a highwayman that has robbed a lady and is got off."

"Stab me!" says I, "what fools these traps be!" and I moved on, until I came by the coach, where I stood in the darkness.

I heard her Ladyship's voice, coming out of the inn, and still angry, and there was several in the roadway, but the traps had vanished, and, I make no doubt, were looking for me busily. As I stood there thinking, someone comes from t'other side of the chaise, and I saw it was Miss. At the same time she saw me and started.

"What do you here?" she asked tremulously.

"Why," says I, "I am a-looking anxiously for a tobymen that has wickedly robbed a lady."



"Seize that man! He is a highwayman!"

that he wore a long gown edged with some sort of fleece. "Who are you?" I asked, assuming the most haughty, arrogant air, "and under what pretence is a gentleman that is on the King's business arrested and delayed?"

"Sir," he said, hesitating, "I am Mayor of the town, and 'tis at her Ladyship's request—"

"I know nothing of her Ladyship," said I, interrupting angrily. "If her Ladyship blunders, and you through her, you must take the consequence, Mr. Mayor."

He seemed put about at that, but my Lady herself intervened, or I would have managed things for myself pretty easily.

"I charge that man with stealing from me jewels and money to the amount of five hundred guineas, which you will find upon him," said she, for she was now out of the coach and standing in the road among them all.

"Yes, your Ladyship," says the Mayor anxiously, "it shall be attended to."

"Well, someone shall smart for this," said I, "ere many days are out."

"And my witness," pursued her Ladyship calmly, "sits in the coach, and is my late husband's niece."

"Oh, a witness," says Mr. Mayor, brightening up.

"To say nothing of my two fellows," she ended.

"With that I saw it was all up, for she was not one to lose her head, and with that plain issue before the Mayor, he could not blunder very far. So I said nothing more, but sat in the clutches of the officers cudgelling my wits for a way out.

"Celia," says she, "is this the man that attacked us upon the road and stole my jewels?"

notion would not ha' come to me later. Why, I have broke out of Newgate jug in the face of all. Yet this is what happened. In the thick of this talk and confusion, and even while the throng pressed upon me and my captors, suddenly a voice cried out from the coach.

"There is the other, seize him!—there he goes, on the right there!" This was Miss's voice, as I recognised, though I was amazed, and for the time did not pick up my wits. But in a second all was uproar.

"Who d'y'e mean? What is it, you baggage?" cried out her Ladyship.

"Seize him!—there he goes!" cries Miss again, leaping from the coach in a state of excitement; and to her Ladyship: "Why, the other, my Lady!—the man that assisted—Creech, was it not?"

In an instant I saw how it was and what she intended, and I believe her Ladyship, in her quickness, saw it just after me; for in the confusion the throng swayed, and some ran this way and others that, and there were my two jailers gaping into the darkness like moping owls.

'Twas but the work of a moment to wrench free an arm from one and deliver t'other a rap with a pistol on his skull; and at the same time I wheeled Calypso about and broke a third that stood there in the wind. The three thus scattered, with a whistle to the mare I dropped low in the saddle, and breaking out of the circle thundered down the road at a gallop, while all behind me arose cries and shouts, and above all her Ladyship's shrill voice, screaming with fury.

I rode till I reached the first turning on the left, and then went up a black lane for some distance: after which

"Go," she cried, "you will be caught. They will be back directly."

"No," said I, "I am not the man to leave other people with my burdens."

"What do you mean?" said she after a pause.

"There is her Ladyship," said I, "and there is yourself."

"Oh, I am well used to deal with her Ladyship," she said, a little bitterly. "You need be in no alarm."

"Well, 'tis I shall deal with her Ladyship this time," said I.

"You are mad!" she said. "Go—go—I hear them coming!"

"No," says I.

"Oh, go," she pleaded anxiously. "If you stay you will do me no good, and yourself all harm. I think you are bewitched to stay."

With that I looked at her, and though I coul' not see her very clearly in the small light, I vow she was mighty pretty. I suppose 'twas the devil in me moved me, or maybe 'twas only her beauty; but, at any rate, said I

"If I may have now what I denied myself upon the road there, I will go," said I.

She drew herself straight and I could see her under-lip quiver.

"Sir," she said; "I know you to be a highwayman; at least, let me think you a gentleman."

"Damme!" says I bluntly, for I was taken aback at this. "Damme! no one shal say I am no gentleman, for I am that afore everything else, as I will prove on any buck's body." And so, with a big congee in my stirrups, I turned and left her.

THE END.

THE DRAWN INTER-UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB, DECEMBER 13.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, RALPH CLEAVER.



PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS.

The game was played in most unfavourable weather in the presence of nearly ten thousand spectators. During the first half, fortune favoured the Oxford team, and at half time the Dark Blues had scored a try to nothing. During the second half, Oxford scored a goal and Cambridge one goal and one try, the game concluding, after a sensational struggle, in a draw, each side having eight points recorded in its favour.

"OTHELLO," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE PROBLEM OF THE PORT OF LONDON: SCENES OF THE CONGESTED SHIPPING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES DE LACY.



A CAUSE OF OBSTRUCTION TO SHIPPING: A LARGE VESSEL SWUNG ATHWART THE STREAM TO ENTER A NARROW-MOUTHED DOCK.



ONE REASON OF THE DIFFICULTY OF ACCOMMODATION: A COMPARISON OF THE VESSEL OF TWENTY YEARS AGO AND THE LARGER VESSEL OF TO-DAY.



BARGES AND LIGHTERS WAITING TO ENTER THE DOCKS: THESE VESSELS DISCHARGE SHIPS WITHOUT PAYING DOCK-DUES



VESSELS EVADING DOCK-DUES: MEDIUM-DRAUGHT STEAMERS DISCHARGING CARGO AT THE WHARVES NEAR LONDON BRIDGE.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PORT OF LONDON: A SUGGESTED SOLUTION.

PROJECTED AND DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES DE LACY.



— A SUGGESTED SERIES OF WHARVES ON THE ESSEX SHORE AT WHICH VESSELS COULD AT ONCE COME ALONGSIDE AND DISCHARGE CARGO.

The chief difficulties of the Port of London are lack of accommodation in the docks and the loss of revenue owing to the discharge of cargoes into lighters which may enter the docks free of charge. Great delay is also caused in getting big steamers in and out of the docks. The suggested solution figured above proposes that large portions of land lying now idle on the Essex shore should, at a comparatively small cost, be furnished with suitable jetties so that the largest vessels might come alongside and discharge without delay. This popular means of dealing with merchandise is exemplified by the huge crowd of medium-draught vessels daily discharging at wharves near London Bridge.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. III.: OUR SECOND AND FINAL ANNEXATION OF CAPE COLONY.



THE BRITISH FORCES MARCHING INTO CAPE TOWN, 1814.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

In 1802, Cape Colony, after seven years of British rule, was restored by treaty to Holland. In 1806, however, in order to keep the Cape out of the hands of Napoleon, Great Britain resumed the Protectorate, although she did not formally annex the Colony. In 1814, by the Treaty of London, provisions were made with Holland for the purchase of the Cape for £6,000,000, and the Colony was finally taken over.

LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

So much has been said and written of the passing of Christmas as the children's festival that it is pleasant to find that some, at least, still believe in the old order of things. The publishers, at all events, have proved their faith in the conservatism of the British boy and girl by the number, if not by the style, of their publications this year. Both boys and girls are liberally and, on the whole, well provided for. The late Mr. G. A. Henty contributes "The Treasure of the Incas" (Blackie), a story of adventure in Peru, and a smaller volume, "In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers" (Blackie). Mr. Henty's work is so well known and so widely appreciated that it is only necessary to note that both stories are written in that clear-cut, vigorous, manly style which has for so long been associated with the acknowledged master of the writers of books for boys. A short story by the same author appears, with tales by Theodore Roosevelt, G. Manville Fenn, and others, in the latest of the admirable "fifty-two" series edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, "Fifty-two Stories of the Brave and True for Boys" (Hutchinson); and another in "Grit and Go" (W. and R. Chambers), where it is in company with the work of Guy Boothby, D. Christie Murray, Harold Bindloss, and others. Mr. G. Manville Fenn is another veteran writer whose "tales need no introduction." "The Peril Finders" (S.P.C.K.), if somewhat conventional, is none the less exciting, and the doings of his heroes will be followed with breathless interest. With his second book, "Stan Lynn" (Chambers), Mr. Fenn has returned to China, an old favourite of his, and has returned with considerable success.

Mr. Andrew Home, who has made a specialty of school stories, is faithful to the subject with which he is chiefly identified, but in "Jack and Black" (Chambers) he combines playground adventures with those farther afield. There is little fear that his readers will take the departure amiss, or that Jack Huntley and Tom Black will be any the less popular. Mr. Frederick Harrison also deals with school life, and though there is nothing in his book that is particularly new, it is sufficiently true to life, or should we say to the school-life of fiction, to give amusement, and will probably make the fun-and-adventure-loving reader wish that he too could become one of "The Boys of Weymouth College" (Blackie). Of historical romances quite a number are before us. Miss Annie L. Gee, with "Won—Not by Might" (S.P.C.K.), goes back to the middle of the twelfth century, and gives an account of a moorland feud in the days of Stephen of Blois, a feud between Norman and Breton happily ended by the wedding of the young Sir Hugo de Beaupré with Thora of Thorscliffe. "Ralph Wynward" (Nelson) lives in the time of Drake, whom he joins at Plymouth after running away from home, falls into the hands of one Otho FitzThomas, a blackguardly kinsman of his father's, and is carried off to Ireland, where it is intended that he shall learn to lie and rob and murder. Eventually, in spite of this, he becomes Baron Wynward of Newborough. Mr. H. Elrington uses his material with skill, and has painted a fairly good picture of Ireland in Elizabethan days. Among the historical matter introduced is an account of

the Carlist Rising, and a series of narrow escapes which end, somewhat conventionally, in the hero's discovery of his father, who had been reported dead. In "Girls of the Forest" (Chambers), Mrs. L. T. Meade has contrived not only to break fresh ground, but to produce a pleasant and characteristic story for girls. There are very few dull pages indeed in the four hundred of which her book consists. The appearance of Miss E. Everett-Green's name on the cover of a book is almost invariably ample guarantee that the story will entertain, and "Where There's a Will" (Hutchinson) is no exception to the rule. The little and the big patrons of the fairy

not to say threadbare—in places. Still, Miss Graham's work is never quite without charm. "Miss Bouvier" (Chambers) pleases us better; Mrs. Molesworth has at her command the skill that is born only of long practice, and her right hand has not lost its cunning. Messrs. Nelson are always to the fore at this season, and among the many charming books for girls which bear their name, we may draw attention to "Robinetta" and "A Happy Failure."

Two books, which appeal mainly to the mature reader, remain to be dealt with. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (Hodder and Stoughton) is most certainly a book which should be read. It has pathos, humour, and an air of reality to commend it, and we hope to hear of Alice Caulwell Hegan again. "His Majesty Baby" (Hodder and Stoughton) will be sufficiently commended when we say that it is from the pen of Ian Maclaren. We may add that in many of the stories which go to make up this volume we have Ian Maclaren at his best—shrewd, humorous, and kindly.

BOOKS FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.

It is strange that publishers, who take such infinite trouble in choosing and selecting beautiful and original illustrations, should seem practically indifferent as to what is written round them. To give a case in point. Mr. Heath Robinson is heartily to be congratulated on the charming and original illustrations of "The Adventures of Uncle Lubin" (Grant Richards), but the text which accompanies the drawings is in no sense adequate; only by an extreme stretch of imagination can these be called stories of adventure, and we venture to think that to the average child they would seem more like the record of a long and most disturbing nightmare!

Punch surely makes a new departure in "Mr. Punch's Book for Children" (*Punch* Office). The illustrations here again are admirable, but bear little relation to the text. The same criticism does not apply to the really very funny album, certain to be popular among dog-lovers, old and young, "A Dog-Day; or, The Angel in the House," by Walter Emanuel, pictures by Cecil Aldin (Heinemann), and dedicated to W. W. Jacobs "because he liked it." This autobiography of a dog is written in plain, straightforward language, such as every child can understand, and the illustrations are as good as Mr. Cecil Aldin can make them, which is saying much. Yet another good idea, cleverly carried out, is "Old Nursery Rhymes Dug Up at the Pyramids," by Stanley L. Adamson, with additional verses by Oliver Booth (Dean and Son). Here we have the old world-famous nursery rhymes illustrated as they might have been by the prehistoric Egyptian artist. Quite a new departure, even in this original age, is "The Snow Baby," by Josephine D. Peary (Isbister). This is described as "a true story with true pictures," and consists of photographs, probably taken during one of the Peary expeditions, showing the Snow Baby in every kind of attitude and at every period of her four years of life. "Twinkling Stars," by Theodosia Abdy (Jarrold), an account in verse of a journey through Starland, will appeal to those who like startling and vigorous illustrations; clever as these are, however, they would be more effective were they less complicated and elaborate. In this particular Florence K. Upton's



UNCLE LUBIN SAWING AN ICEBERG.

Reproduced from "The Adventures of Uncle Lubin," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

story are well looked after. Of a heavier but not less entertaining type are a new and profusely illustrated edition of Dickens's "A Child's History of England" (Dent); "The Romance of Modern Invention" (Pearson), by Mr. Archibald Williams, a clear and popular illustrated account, written in non-technical language, of the wonders of present-day science; and Mr. Walter C. Perry's "The Boy's Iliad" (Macmillan). Mr. Tom Gallon's "The Charity Ghost: A Tale of Christmas" (Hutchinson); Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Norse Stories" (Grant Richards), retold from the Eddas, and decorated and illustrated in colour by Mr. George Wright; and Professor Shück's "Medieval Stories" (Sands and Co.), translated from the Swedish by Mr. W. F. Harvey, and illustrated by Mr. W. Heath Robinson—are all thoroughly good. Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days" (John Lane) is delightful, but will be understood much more readily by grown-ups than by children.

Mr. Andrew Lang, having exhausted all the hues of the rainbow, has this year edited for the delectation of young people "The Book of Romance" (Longmans), all the romances save one being written by Mrs. Lang. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the many merits of this beautiful book; surely the story of Arthur has never before been so fascinatingly set forth. In "Five Children and It" (Fisher Unwin), we have Mrs. Nesbit at her best; and the children who cannot enjoy it—if, indeed, they exist—must be lacking in discernment. "The Dew Babies" (Hutchinson) is a fairy story pure and simple, and delightfully told. "Princes Three and Seekers Seven" (Elliot Stock) is of the same family, and will charm many a reader. Mr. G. E. Farlow is still "In Search of the Wallypug" (Pearson), although we thought he had found it long ago; or perhaps it is a personally conducted search-party? After many amusing adventures the Wallypug is eventually discovered. As in Mr. Farlow's book, we find in "Alick's Adventures" (Longmans) an entertaining compound of the actual and the fantastic. "W. R." shows a tendency to indulge in personalities, and the fun is sometimes a little forced; the verses, in the "Alice in Wonderland" style are often amusing. "Merry Mr. Punch" (Grant Richards) is one of the "Larger Dumpy Books," and sure to please, even though it is scarcely on a level with some of its smaller predecessors. "The Doll-man's Gift" (Newnes), by Mr. H. A. James, has a style of its own and is attractive, while Mr. Phil Robinson's "Bubble and Squeak" (Isbister) will be enjoyed by readers of all ages.

Mrs. Evelyn Cecil—more widely known, perhaps, as Alicia Amherst—has given us in "Children's Gardens" (Macmillan) a truly delightful book, and the child who is so fortunate as to be able to claim some plot of land for his own should learn much from it. Miss Clara Thomson, whose book on Samuel Richardson is so widely known, has edited for Mr. Horace Marshall "The Celtic Wonder World." The exquisite simplicity with which these old stories are retold can scarcely fail to claim for them the attention which they merit. Mr. Riley's "Book of Joyous Children" (Newnes) certainly fulfills its title; it is fresh and bright, and not quite like anything else which we can call to mind.

Miss Helen Milman's "Boy" (Griffith, Farran, Browne) is the story of a child told for the older people; it is ambitious, and, in spite of much that is beautiful, not wholly pleasing. Much more human is "Bunny," by B. A. Clarke (Ward, Lock). Story number one, "The Wrath of Mrs. Barker," is quite artistic. "The Diamond Seekers" (Blackie) is a thoroughgoing story of adventure, sure to be appreciated by boys; while "Under One Flag" (Deane) will interest not only the sons, but their fathers.

We confess that we like Miss Winifred Graham best in her short stories. "A Child at the Helm" (Newnes) strikes us as unduly spun out, and the narrative is thin-



AN ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

Reproduced from "Fifteen Stories of the Brave and True for Boys," by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

the sacking of Youghal. Mr. Herbert Haynes, choosing Peru as his scene, and the early nineteenth century as his period, provides a stirring story of the war between the Peruvians and the Spanish. He has evidently made a close study of his subject; but, unlike so many who seek to combine instruction with amusement, he is never dull. "At the Point of the Sword" (Nelson) is likely to enhance his already considerable reputation. Mr. John Finnemore takes his readers to Spain at the time when the English and the Spanish were fighting against Napoleon. From the first chapter, which tells of the massacre of a French foraging party, to the last, which ends with the promise of a sequel, the interest of "The Story of a Scout" (Pearson) is skilfully maintained. Spain, again, is the scene of the greater part of Mr. F. B. Forester's "Earncliffe of Errington" (S.P.C.K.), which describes the doings of a lad during



POOR MR. DALE WAS COMPLETELY LIFTED

FROM HIS CHAIR.

Reproduced from "Girls of the Forest," by permission of Messrs. Chambers.

pictures, accompanying Bertha Upton's new album of the now world-famous "Gollywogg Series" (Longmans, Green) set an excellent example to those artists who address themselves especially to youthful eyes, and "The Gollywogg's Air-ship" is certain to become as popular as its predecessors. Mr. E. V. Lucas can claim in a very real sense to be the children's Laureate; he has never done better work than in his delightful Christmas book, "The Visit to London," illustrated by Francis D. Bedford (Methuen), quite admirable being those verses entitled "In St. Paul's," which contain a touching tribute to Randolph Caldecott; while both pictures and poem dealing with the "Zoo" are the best we ever remember to have seen concerning that much-pictured and much-described place.

THEIR MAJESTIES' NEW TRAIN ON THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEDFORD LEMERE.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE SALOONS.



HER MAJESTY'S DAY COMPARTMENT.



HIS MAJESTY'S SLEEPING-COMPARTMENT.



HIS MAJESTY'S DRESSING-ROOM.



HIS MAJESTY'S DAY COMPARTMENT.



THE ATTENDANT'S COMPARTMENT.

Their Majesties inspected and used the new royal saloons built for them at the London and North-Western Railway Company's Works at Wolverton for the first time on the occasion of their journey to Gopsall. The exterior of the carriage is painted in the familiar white and chocolate, picked out with gold; the interior arrangements are as perfect as they are elaborate. Amongst the London and North-Western officials present were Sir Frederick Harrison, general manager; Mr. R. Turnbull, superintendent of the line; Mr. C. A. Park, Mr. George Whate, Mr. P. Skipworth, and Mr. Miles.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

For some time past various announcements have appeared at intervals in the newspapers relative to what has been called the "no breakfast" idea. From all I can gather, this notion appears to form the central idea of a cult which has been formed presumably for the purpose of exploiting the theory that mankind would be happier and healthier if the first meal of the day were omitted, and banished altogether from the dietary-list of the nations. I do not know the precise history or origin of this belief, but in a small book which came under my notice (written by a Dr. Dewey, I believe) some months ago, I found an exposition of the cult. The author did not profess to say very much respecting the *modus operandi* of the "no breakfast" practice. He did not trench, as far as I can recollect, upon the physiological causes, if any exist, which render a man better without than with his morning meal. That which was relied on was what a doctor would call clinical experience—the results on the subjects of their asceticism in so far as breakfast was or is concerned.

They were alleged to feel stronger, healthier, and one late disciple adds, "clever in the head." This last, I doubt not, is an eminently desirable attainment, which nobody can affect to despise. The view, however, that the omission of breakfast would always act in like fashion upon all sorts and conditions of men (and women) is not justified by the common experience of life. The "one man's meat another man's poison" proverb contains much wisdom. Indeed, one might go further, and assert that neglect of the idea that foods and drinks, and many other items incidental to this life, have to be judged relatively to the individual, is apt to land reformers and enthusiasts into a meshwork of error and contradiction. One sees this fact illustrated in the failures of systems which, adapted for a certain proportion of mankind, fail in the case of the mass. Science fully recognises the principle of relativity here. The dose of an opiate which will produce sound sleep in A may have no effect on B. The food that agrees with me may be, physiologically speaking, an abomination in the eyes of my neighbour. My friend may be able to live and thrive on a diet which, for me, would represent a too meagre fare. Throughout life at large we are perpetually being warned by the fruits of experience that it is highly illogical to predicate of all that which is true of one or a few. The application of particulars to universals is apt to involve us in certain grave contradictions.

The "no breakfast" fad comes to us from America, whence we have had a very large number of novelties offered us, from wooden nutmegs to Christian Science tenets. I have never yet heard of any idea—about food and feeding especially—however extraordinary, but that a certain number of individuals will hail it with delight, as the one teaching for which they have been waiting all their lives. I have had a fairly long and large experience of the history of movements and notions directed to the improvement and culture of health, and that experience as often as not teaches me that most of the new systems have their little day, and a very short day it has been as a rule. Some, like the ephemera, are born only to die; others last a little longer, but in the end mankind returns to what we may call the appointed way of the race, a way in which the majority tread safely, with allowance, as I have shown, for individual exceptions. I have no ambition to be ranked among the minor prophets, but I fancy the "no breakfast" cult will not last long. I can discern in it possibilities which may enable it to meet certain phases or demands of existence. Regarding its universal application, one may well be pardoned for holding the opinion that it cannot by any possibility suit the bulk of the human race—that is, the portion given to feeding in a civilised fashion.

One explanation of any success the idea may attain in certain cases is that it may represent in practice a very careful limitation of food. While very many of us cannot obtain a sufficiency of food, there are others who undoubtedly eat too much. Physicians are perpetually reminding us that we do not graduate our diet to our age as we should do. The man of forty-five or fifty is often found consuming as much food as he ate at twenty-five or thirty years of age. He is overfeeding himself. His income exceeds his expenditure, which may be an excellent fact financially, but one apt to be attended by undesirable effects physiologically. His excess may get stored up in the form of fat, or he may be laying a too heavy tax on his liver, kidneys, and other organs, and so he begins to feel the touch of the warning hand in the shape of ailments that characterise over-repletion. His physician, diagnosing his case, recommends a spare diet. If the patient be wise, and if he follow the advice he has paid for, he will renew his youth in a sense.

Now, I can imagine perfectly that the "no breakfast" practice might act favourably in a case such as that I have figured forth—not by any means an uncommon one, as most of us will own. It is not that the omission of the morning meal has any special virtue in itself. It is rather that it acts in the most general way by bringing about a nearer equilibrium between the bodily profit and the bodily loss account. Very likely the omission of lunch, or the reduction of dinner, would effect a like result. If I had my choice, I should prefer to limit the after meals rather than the morning one. The stomach has had its rest during the night, and may therefore be presumed to be specially fit to discharge what duties it has to perform in the commissariat department. There is some practical wisdom in beginning the day with food, and one may fail to discern any virtue in the opposite practice; though it is obvious we might in time accustom ourselves within limits to the new fashion. The "no breakfast" creed is not likely to make headway here, if only that breakfast cannot be regarded scientifically as an undesirable meal. A society for the simplification of dinners, now, would have a better chance of survival.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

IRVING CHAPIN (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—We regret to find that your problem we published on Dec. 5 was also contributed to the *Field*, in which it had previously appeared. We shall require in future, before considering any other problem from you, your assurance that it has neither been published elsewhere nor is in any other hands for the purpose of publication.

H A SALWAY (St. John's Wood).—Your problems are not overlooked, but the pressure on our space is very great. We shall publish one as soon as possible.

R BEE (Cowpen).—Received and under examination.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3055 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3056 from Shadforth, T R Lee (Jersey), Emile Frau, and H P Erent (St. Margaret's-on-Thames); of No. 3057 from A G Bagot (Dublin), F B (Worthing), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J W (Campsie), Emile Frau (Lyons), Marco Salemi (Bologna), A G (Panesova), Herbert A Salway, R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), and Major Nangle (Rathmines).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 3058 received from J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), R Harding (Clifton), W A Lilllico (Edinburgh), Reginald Gordon, Shadforth, Clement C Danby, Joseph Cook, F J S (Hampstead), A G Bagot (Dublin), H H Smith (Liverpool), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J W (Campsie), George H Kelland (Jersey), F P, Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), and Martin F.

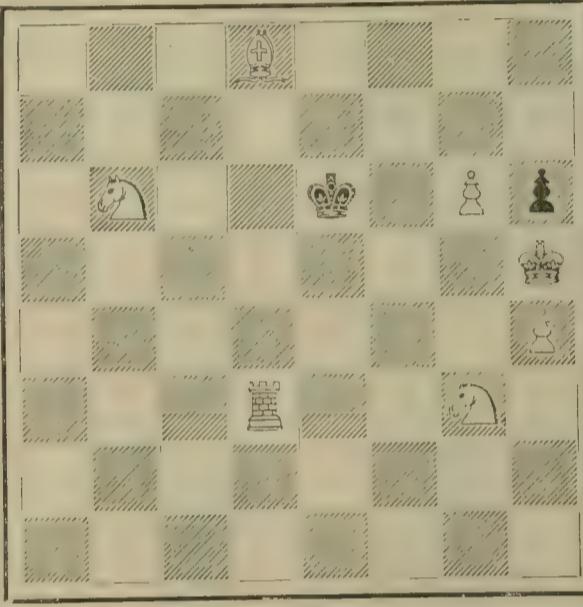
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3057.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K B 2nd K to Q 5th
2. Kt (Kt 6th) to Q 5th Any move
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 6th, then 2. Kt to R 2nd, and 3. Kt mates at B sq.

PROBLEM NO. 3060.—By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played between Messrs. J. KOTRC and ANATEUR.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	13. Kt to K 4th	B to Q Kt 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. Kt takes Q P	P takes Q
5. Castles	B to B 4th	15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	16. Q takes B	Q to K 2nd
7. P takes Kt	P takes B	17. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to B 4th
8. R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq	18. R to K 3rd	P to B 4th
9. B to K Kt 5th	P takes P	19. Kt to K 4th	White resigns.
10. B to R 6th	K to Kt sq		

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the match North v. South of England.

(Hampe Algaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. Dukes, South).	BLACK (F. G. Newbury, North)	WHITE (Dr. Dukes, South).	BLACK (F. G. Newbury, North)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. B to K 2nd	P takes P
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	11. Castles	Q takes P (ch)
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	12. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
5. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	13. B to B 4th (ch)	B to K 3rd
6. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	14. B to K 5th	Kt to B 6th (ch)
7. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt		
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		White resigns.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By OSCAR BLUMENTHAL.

White: K at Q 4th, Q at K Kt 8th, B at Q R 2nd.
Black: K at Q Kt 7th, P at Q R 5th and 6th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 2.—By S. GORN.

White: K at K 4th, R at K R 6th, Kts at Q 3rd and K B 4th, P at K B 5th.
Black: K at K Kt 5th, P at K R 2nd.

White mates in three moves.

No. 3.—By FRANZ SCHREIER.

White: K at K 3rd, Q at Q 6th, B at Q B 6th, Kt at Q R 7th.
Black: K at Q R 4th, B at Q R 3rd, P at K 5th, Q Kt 3rd, 5th, and 6th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 4.—By E. PALKOSKA.

White: K at Q B 7th, Q at K R sq, Kts at Q 4th and K B 5th, B at K Kt 5th.
Black: K at K 4th, B at K B 2nd, P at Q 6th, Q B 4th, 5th, and 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 5.—By JOSE TOLOSA Y CARRERAS.

White: K at K Kt 8th, Q at K Kt 4th, B at Q 4th and Q Kt 5th, Kts at Q B 6th and Q R 3rd, P at K 5th.

Black: K at Q 4th, R at K 8th, B at K R 5th, Kt at Q Kt sq, P at Q B 2nd, Q R 2nd, Kt 6th, and K 5th and 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 6.—By W. A. CLARK.

White: K at K R 6th, Q at Q Kt 7th, R at Q Kt sq and Q 5th, Kt at Q R 8th, B at K B 8th, P at K 4th and Q B 2nd.

Black: K at Q B 5th, R at Q B 4th, Kt at Q Kt 4th, B at Q R 4th, P at Q B 6th.

White mates in two moves.

Solutions to above will be acknowledged.

THE FOUNDER OF VENEZUELAN INDEPENDENCE.

The uncompromising attitude of President Castro towards the Anglo-German ultimatum has led to his being called by picturesque newspaper writers "The second Bolivar," which may or may not be complimentary to the Liberator of South America. Upon Bolivar and his associates the Venezuelans look with that reverence which all patriots inspire, although the frequency of revolution in those distracted regions must make it rather difficult to decide which party is patriotic and which reactionary. When Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas on July 24, 1783, the colony was still under the domination of Spain, and the future reformer was himself a descendant of noble Spanish houses. His early education he received at home, and he was then sent to complete his studies in Europe. After a few years in Madrid, he travelled on the Continent, and was an eye-witness of some of the last scenes of the French Revolution. In the year 1809 he visited the United States, where for the first time he saw free institutions in operation, and there is no doubt that the impressions he there received led to his identifying himself with the party of independence which had for years been agitating Venezuela and the other Spanish colonies. In 1810 he helped to promote a revolutionary movement at Caracas, and, receiving a colonel's commission from the insurgent Junta, he proceeded to Great Britain with Luis Lopez Mendez on a diplomatic mission. On July 5 of the following year Venezuela formally threw off the yoke of Spain, and declared her independence. The next year war began in earnest, and the Spanish forces advanced under Monteverde. The Spaniards were at first victorious, and Bolivar, who had been in command at Puerto Cabello, had to flee to Curaçoa.

In the autumn of the same year, he emerged from retirement and joined himself to an important movement in New Grenada. He operated with great success against the Spaniards on the Magdalena River, and finding himself in the course of warfare on the borders of Venezuela, he decided to re-enter the colony, and, if possible, overthrow Monteverde. He won over to his cause the towns of Merida and Truxillo, and, throwing his augmented forces into two divisions, he issued a decree of war to the death, and pressed on towards Caracas. At Lastoguanes he inflicted a crushing defeat upon Monteverde, and on Aug. 4, 1813, he entered Caracas in triumph. By the beginning of the year 1814 the party of independence had the whole of Venezuela in their hands; but the Spaniards rallied, and Bolivar was defeated near Curaçoa. Caracas fell in July, and the Royalists once more made themselves masters of Venezuela. Undismayed, Bolivar attended the Congress of New Grenada, and received from it a commission to proceed against Santa Fé de Bogota, where Don Cundinamarca had refused to acknowledge the coalition of insurgent provinces. He very speedily brought Cundinamarca to his senses, and was publicly thanked by Congress. Bolivar next proceeded to the relief of Santa Martha, which had fallen into the hands of the Royalist troops; but in this enterprise he failed, being completely outnumbered by the Spaniards. He therefore resigned his commission, and retired to Jamaica, where his life was attempted by a hired assassin, who, by mistake, murdered his secretary. He next went to Hayti, where he organised an expedition, at the head of which he returned, in 1816, to the mainland. With this he effected nothing, but his ardour was in no way damped, and, raising reinforcements, he landed at Barcelona, where a provisional Government, under Morillo, offered battle on Feb. 16, 1817, and a tremendous engagement, lasting two whole days, resulted in the rout of the Spanish troops. Bolivar's success was now assured. He was formally recognised as Commander-in-Chief, and crowned his victorious career by a masterly piece of strategy.

Moving from his headquarters at Angostura, he crossed the Cordilleras and joined forces with Santander, the Republican commander of New Grenada. Together these generals attacked the Spaniards, and a successful campaign concluded at Bojaco with a victory which placed Bogota and all New Grenada in Bolivar's hands. He returned to Angostura amid the wildest popular enthusiasm, greeted as the deliverer and father of his country. He secured the passing of a law which should unite Venezuela and New Grenada under the title of the Republic of Colombia, and having now under him a really fine army, he ended the war in Venezuela by the decisive victory of Carabobo. A year later the Constitution of the New Republic was adopted, and Bolivar was elected President. About this time Bolivar was joined by a Scottish knight-errant, General John Macpherson, who had come to Curaçoa in the British service in the year 1810. He served the Liberator with distinction, and is mentioned in Venezuelan history under the title of "Procer" of the independence. The fighting instincts of the Clan Chattan were communicated to General Macpherson's son, General Juan Macpherson, who made a great reputation in the war of 1848.

Bolivar's schemes were not bounded by the work he had already accomplished, and he set himself to achieve the liberation of the whole country. He freed Peru and Ecuador, and through years of storm and stress, during which he was constantly in the field, he proved himself the capable man of South America. He held the supreme power in Colombia until his death at San Pedro on Dec. 17, 1830. Bolivar was incorruptible, for although he had free control of the revenues, he died penniless.

The inspiration of Bolivar's career is still a vital force in the minds of South American patriots, but it is to be feared that all revolutionary leaders are not so disinterested as he. Among his civil achievements were the purification of the law courts and the encouragement of art and science. Under his influence a national spirit came into being, and he won from foreign nations a recognition of the independence he had done so much to win. He is commemorated at Caracas by a monument, and at Lima by an equestrian statue.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider column articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

THE GASSIOT BEQUEST TO THE CORPORATION OF LONDON:

EXAMPLES OF THE COLLECTION ON EXHIBITION IN THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



MY FIRST SERMON.
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.



SUN AND MOON FLOWERS.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



MY SECOND SERMON.
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.



THE LAST EVENING.—J. TISSOT.



ON THE ROAD FROM WATERLOO TO PARIS.—MARCUS STONE, R.A.



FORDING THE RIVER, SHOWERY WEATHER.—JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.—THOMAS FAED, R.A.

The exhibition of pictures bequeathed to the City by the late Mr. Charles Gassiot, citizen and vintner, was inaugurated by the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall Art Gallery on December 1.

The collection includes works by Constable, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Millais, Thomas Faed, Frederick Goodall, Landseer, Clarkson Stanfield, and Tissot.

(FOR DESCRIPTION OF PICTURES, SEE "ART NOTES.")

LADIES' PAGE.

There are wonderful flowers to be had in London, reminding one of the beautiful *côte d'azur*, and doing their best to compensate us in our dull, sunless drawing-rooms for the lack of the flower-beds breathing sweet-scent under the sunshine of Monte Carlo. One of the latest ideas is a pretty little box or basket of willow-work enamelled and gilded, and tied up with ribbons to match the colour of the basket, and filled with mould and growing flowers. For instance, a charming object is an oblong willow basket, enamelled pale blue, adorned with bands and dainty bows of satin ribbon of a slightly darker blue shade, and filled with growing lilies-of-the-valley all in blossom. Then another, cheaper and yet very pretty, is of willow painted dark brown, picked out with gold and trimmed with pale yellow ribbon, in which are growing a number of the scarlet Van Thol tulip; or a delicate pink-tinted basket in which are blooming rows of hyacinths, pink and white artistically alternated. Flowers of almost every description are available for table and room decoration even in this winter season—all that is necessary to obtain them is money. There are not only plenty of chrysanthemums still, but also great sheafs of roses of every colour, lilies, carnations, and, above all, of course, huge clusters of the delicious Czar violets, which of late years we have almost come to consider a winter flower.

A smart dinner-party table where I was last week was dressed with clusters of Czar violets set into very low and wide green glass vases, almost like salt-cellars in shape; these were connected all round the table by means of big branches of yellow mimosa and its delightful grey-green foliage laid upon the cloth; the centre being composed of some very handsome silver dishes with white grapes and mandarins.

Ribbons come in very happily for assisting in the decoration of a table at the time of year when flowers are necessarily rather costly. There is plenty of ingenuity employed in their arrangement. Here is an example shown me by a leading florist. A tall basket containing yellow chrysanthemums and various kinds of ferns was set in the centre of a table, with large knots of

Waste ought to be avoided by the rich almost as much as by the poor; that is to say, the utmost benefit should be obtained from all and every sort of expenditure which is felt to be justifiable. The delightful luxury of cut flowers in winter deserves to be used respectfully; and there are some ways well known to florists by which flowers can be preserved much longer than if they are just put into a pot full of cold water. To begin with, if the flowers are tied up in a bunch, they should be untied, and a tiny piece cut off the end of each stem with a sharp penknife—not with scissors, as the object is to keep the pores of the stem open, and this can only be done by its being cut with a very sharp instrument and one that does not crush in cutting. Then we must see that the vase to be used is perfectly clean. Both in regard to cooking and to such a matter as is now in hand, "clean" means something more than merely rinsed out and free from obvious specks of dirt. The cleanest user of implements in the world is a chemist; for he learns by practical experience that what the ordinary mind is apt to call clean is really very often in such a condition that it immediately spoils the delicate reactions needed for an experiment. To have a thing really clean, chemically clean, means the use of very hot water for washing it out, and also of a small quantity of some purifying addition, such as, in the case of a flower-vase, a very few drops of Condyl's Fluid or ammonia, afterwards rinsing with fresh plain water.

Having, then, a perfectly clean vase, the florists consider that it is best for the bouquet to be arranged as it is to be left before any water is put in. In this way the flowers can be removed and returned until a satisfactory result is obtained, without drops of water being spilt or the hands soiled; while, if wet, the liability to these inconveniences often prevents sufficient trying the effect over and over again to produce the best results. In order to preserve the flowers, a little piece of charcoal can be put in the bottom of the vase provided it be not of glass. This can be used over and over again, and if the water is kept constantly changed, the charcoal then absorbs its impurities without being itself rendered unwholesome; but should the vase at any time be accidentally left for two or three days, so that the water becomes at all malodorous, the charcoal needs to be purified by being boiled in a saucepan for a few moments. When charcoal cannot be used, because it would be visible through the clear glass of the vase, a pinch of borax should be put into the water instead. When the latter is used, of course it needs to be put in each time that the water is changed, but the charcoal can be left day after day, the water being poured off without disarranging the vase, and fresh water poured in, not icy-cold in winter, but slightly unchilled.

Evening dresses for the Christmas season are largely decorated with spangles. It makes the scene very gay when silver, gold, moonlight, and opal paillettes sparkle on all sides. A bright red is much used on black just now in conjunction with either gold or silver spangles. The singular craze for grapes as a decoration extends itself to the ornamentation of the finest evening dresses. Chiffon in all colours, and especially in the bright red just mentioned, is puckered up into the semblance of clusters of grapes and distributed about a confection. How true it is in regard to dress that "the little too much is so far away" from the right thing! One very ordinary black chiffon gown, laid over black taffetas, and thus in itself unobtrusive, became positively vulgar by being lavishly decorated with very bright red grapes, together with strappings of velvet worked with gold spangles. But in another case, where the original material was much the same, there was an abundance of gold spangles all over the gown; and yet the fact that the bright red velvet which was used to drape the décolletage was veiled in black, and that the red which reappeared round the feet in the form of a deep flounce of flame-coloured chiffon was also discreetly veiled with the black, toned the whole thing down into good taste. Another spangled gown had the whole back, from the shoulders down to the end of the long train, heavily worked with silver spangles; while in front there was nothing of the spangling save a berthe of the net so embroidered laid over plain black velvet, the unadorned chiffon falling thence, Empire-fashion, to the feet. The sleeves of this black dress were very effective; there was only a wide shoulder-strap of silver sequins, and then a piece of the arm left bare; wide gauntlet-cuffs were turned up just at the elbow (held, of course, on to the shoulder-straps by bands underneath the arm), and thence a very long drapery of chiffon fell, pleated full from the cuff, leaving the lower part of the arm also bare. Perhaps the multitude of spangles makes the dresses which are not so treated look the more delicate. Rich embroidery in pale green silks and ribbon-work upon a somewhat darker green satin, with a good deal of fine lace introduced as flounces and trimmings on the bodice, had a most refined effect.

Embroideries need not be spangled, indeed, because they are done in one of the precious metals. A straw-coloured satin decorated with a heavy embroidery of leaves of gold and silver, amidst which appeared delicately shaded mauve flowers, was one of the handsomest dresses seen. The bodice was made with a Louis XV. coat, embroidered to match the skirt, with full basque; it opened in front over a vest of mauve satin, which was held in place by a high belt of black satin. The décolletage was finished with a deep berthe

of fine lace laid over yellow silk, and held at each side of the vest against the bust with a rosette of black tulle. Another beautiful evening dress was in rose-pink satin, very lustrous of surface and very soft in fold. This was finished with a deep frou-frou of little flounces of rose-pink mousseline-de-soie, embroidered with white silk. Above, laid flatly upon the skirt so as to leave, as it were, a close-fitting yoke around the hips, was a flounce of heavy Venetian point lace. The pouched bodice was almost covered by a very deep berthe of the same magnificent lace; but it was left open in front to show



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

a vest of the rose-pink chiffon embroidered with white to match the foot flounces.

Black lace laid over white, when the lace is real and of fine quality, composes one of the most effective evening toilettes for a young matron, or, indeed, for one of middle-age. A Princess dress of white thick silk was entirely veiled with black Chantilly lace, and a deep flounce *en forme* of the same lace finished the skirt; the corsage was draped with the same sort of lace. This was fixed on round the bust with motifs of jet and gold passementerie holding the pleats in place, and similar motifs appeared to fix the flounce on the skirt. A white mousseline-de-soie foundation was draped with several wide flounces of black Irish crochet, upon which wandered in undulating lines tiny frills of mousseline-de-soie fixed here and there to the black lace with medallions of white lace. Another very stylish vogue is to place several different tulle skirts one above the other; sometimes allowing each superposed tint to display a flounce round the feet in solitary splendour.

That is a very pretty and artistic tea-gown which is depicted this week. The material used is white crêpe-de-Chine, with an under-sleeve and vest of pleated white chiffon. The shaped embroideries, which give the mediæval look to the whole, and also the tassels, are of gold. The other is a study in sables; the centre of the cape is of lace, with bordering of sable, finished with many dangling tails, and the muff and toque correspond.

Messrs. Oetzmamn, of the well-known furnishing house in the Hampstead Road—which, by the way, is a continuation northwards of Tottenham Court Road—have an exceptionally large stock of pretty and useful articles suitable for Christmas presents. An hour or two may be most agreeably passed selecting gifts in their show-rooms, or their Christmas catalogue will be found to contain many articles in furniture, silver, china, bronzes, ornaments, and other charming and useful things for the home or for personal use. Messrs. Oetzmamn are offering literally something for everybody, but among their specially attractive presents may be mentioned a large stock of silverware for the table, the toilet, etc., offered at prices which are exceptionally moderate. This is especially the case as regards small silver articles for the table. The firm have purchased lately two or three large stocks, and are giving the public the benefit of their bargains.

FILOMENA.



A STUDY IN SABLES.

wide yellow satin ribbon attached to the basket; and thence strips of the ribbon passed to each end of the table, where very large bows of the ribbon appeared, with one big yellow chrysanthemum and a little foliage thrown, as it were, carelessly down, allowing the stems to be hidden by the bow of ribbon. The formally embroidered table-centre is somewhat out of fashion in smart houses. But there is no objection to a band of ribbon in the very centre of the table, flanked on each side by a strip of lace laid over another band of ribbon, with a few flowers in silver specimen-vases or Venetian glass holders disposed upon this foundation in an artistic way. Silver is delightful for yellow flowers; white ones seem to ask for tinted glass holders.



A PICTURE OF HEALTH.

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ART NOTES: THE GASSIOT COLLECTION. The public must needs disobey the injunction, "Do not look a gift-horse in the mouth," when, as is now the case at the Guildhall, public walls are hung with a bequest of pictures. It would not be grateful, in fact, to examine works of art with an eye not fully discriminating; and if all the items of a collection are not up to an artistic standard of excellence, they at least represent the art of their period, and are therefore historically interesting. The late Mr. Charles Gassiot was a collector who, without a very individual taste, was cognisant of the impression

two, similar as they are in size, colour, and composition, the second has the most delicacy and richness of paint.

Contemporary accounts tell us that "a marked sensation was made by a serious work of historical interest" at Burlington House in 1863—Mr. Marcus Stone's "From Waterloo to Paris," a picture suggested by Béranger's song, "Souvenir du Peuple." The face of Napoleon, excellently painted though it be, has no great drama; this, however, will make the picture no less

Thomas Faed, R.A., also painted in his day the "picture of the year." A picture with a story is "Faults on Both Sides." "The Last Evening," by James Tissot, also has its story, a more serious one. Here, too, is more serious skill, not only in the telling of the tale, but in the relation of its surroundings and details. Excellently painted are the faces of the couple soon to be parted, the deck-chair, the deck, the ship's rigging, and the sky. Almost beauty itself is found in the conjunction of these last two; they seem to foretell the more serious artist that Tissot was later to



THE TRAVELED MONKEY.—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.



THE "VICTORY" BEING TOWED INTO GIBRALTAR.—CLARKSON STANFIELD.

TWO EXAMPLES FROM THE GASSIOT COLLECTION AT THE GUILDFHALL.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

made in each succeeding year by the Royal Academy exhibitions, and his purse it was that opened, with the approval of public opinion, to secure the "picture of the year." And not only public opinion approved the masters patronised by Mr. Gassiot. With remarkably few exceptions the painters represented at the Guildhall bear the official recognition implied by the initials "R.A." after their names. Of the hundred and eleven pictures, nearly seventy are by Academicians. To take these pictures in order of interest is to find one's self paying proper respect to a President, for, with the exception of a noble Constable landscape, Millais' companion pictures, "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon," are by far the most important acquisitions to the Corporation of London's Art Gallery. Of the

interesting as the early work of an Academician who to-day makes so different, though so wide, an appeal.

The chief treasure of the collection is, as we indicated above, a large and important Constable called "Fording the River, Showery Weather." Though the work of Constable is perhaps most lovable when on a small scale, as in the many gems of his art also accessible to Londoners at South Kensington, he is in this picture represented as an artist of great nobility of style and composition. Hanging on the same wall as the Constable are representative examples of the work of John Linnell and Patrick Nasmyth; while quite near by is Mr. Leader's "The Churchyard at Bettwys-y-Coed." Constable alone of these artists has the eye of a real colourist.

become, the artist who was to consider time spent on depicting pretty frocks and pretty faces as so much time thrown away. The "Sun and Moon Flowers" of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., is a picture no less charming than might be expected from that artist. Sir Edwin Landseer is most fully represented (for here his humour is also shown) by "The Travelled Monkey," although "The First Leap," etc., is a picture that has no less artistic value.

Of seven pictures by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., perhaps the most important is "The Victory being Towed into Gibraltar." Altogether the collection deserves the attentions of the crowds of visitors so regularly attracted to the Guildhall by the exhibitions of previous years.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Worcester's lectures on the historical trustworthiness of the Gospels attracted considerable interest in Birmingham. They were delivered at St. Philip's Church. In Dr. Gore's view, the oral tradition of the acts and words of Christ was set down by St. Mark between A.D. 65 and 70, and what he wrote was supplemented by St. Matthew and St. Luke from a document recording Christ's discourses. In the three synoptic Gospels we have something original, authentic, untouched, the result of a strong, irresistible impression made by a Personality on simple hearts and faithful memories.

Bishop Gore is to take a month's holiday, beginning in Christmas week. He will be absent from his diocese until Friday, Jan. 23.

The most interesting evidence given at the recent sittings of the Alien Immigration Committee was that of the Rector of Spitalfields, the Rev. W. H. Davies. He described the terrible overcrowding in the East of London. In one house, almost entirely Jewish, there were forty-five people; one room containing nine persons; one, eight; two, seven; and another, six. In 1881 there were 61,000 Russians, Germans, and Poles living in London; and in 1891 the number had increased to 95,000. One of the most deplorable features of alien immigration was the effect upon the English Sunday. Englishmen working for Jews had all day Saturday holiday and half of Sunday. The Rector has a very kindly feeling towards the Jews, and remarked that they were intensely reasonable and genuinely anxious not to offend the people of the country in which they lived.

The Bishop of St. Albans has been slowly improving in health, and during the past week has been enjoying better nights. There is, however, no immediate prospect of his leaving London. Another invalid is the Dean of Windsor, who is staying at Bournemouth to recruit his strength after his recent illness.

The Bishop of Rochester preached at St. John's, Angell Town, Brixton, on the first Sunday morning in December. After commanding to the congregation their new vicar, the Rev. J. Jenkins, he went on to

speak of the weakening of the sense of responsibility by the habits of a changing and shifting population, which is one of the many difficulties in Church life to-day. Every Christian should stand out against this tendency. While in a place, whether for a short or a long time, he should do his best for the House of God and its people.

The new Bishop of Melbourne is to sail from London on Jan. 13 on the steamship *Niniveh*. He leaves Yorkshire on Jan. 5, and on the same date his resignation will take effect.

Congregations of from three to four thousand persons assembled at the City Temple on the first Sunday in December, when memorial services were conducted for Dr. Parker. The preacher in the morning was the Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Birmingham, and in the evening the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton. Mr. Campbell is continuing his Thursday services at the City Temple during December, and will preach on the morning of Christmas Day. The preachers last Sunday were Dr. George Hanson and Dr. Clifford.

The Rev. Lewis Gilbertson, the new Rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, has been librarian of the Cathedral since the death of Dr. Simpson in 1897. He has done valuable work as Succentor and Minor Canon, and his long experience made it desirable that his new benefice should be close to the Cathedral.

The Rev. T. Greatorex has entered on his duties as Vicar of St. James-the-Less, Westminster, in succession to the late Canon Blackley. He was instituted by the Bishop of Kensington, and after the ceremony of induction he proceeded with the other clergy to the church door, and, in accordance with ancient custom, laid his hand upon the key and tolled the bell, to announce to the parishioners that he had taken possession of the benefice. V.



Photo: Johannes, Mandalay.
A BURMESE CREMATION TOWER: THE PYRE OF A HPONGYI, OR SAINT.

On the death of a "hpongyi," or Buddhist monk of any sanctity, his body is dried, and then, at an interval proportionate to his holiness, he is publicly cremated. For this a tower of bamboo and paper, wonderfully ornamented with gold leaf and paintings, is constructed, and below the canopy at the top the body is solemnly burned. The occasion is made a pretext for dramatic performances, processions, and general festivity. Thousands of people come from far and near to attend. The tower in our illustration was 114 ft. high and 90 ft. by 75 ft. at the base. It cost 2000 rupees, or over £130. After cremation, the saint's ashes are kept in a gold box in his monastery.

The famous champagne of Messrs. Moët and Chandon is the produce of their own vineyards, of 2500 acres of the finest growths. Messrs. Moët and Chandon are now shipping the 1898 vintage "Dry Imperial." It can be purchased from their agents throughout the United Kingdom.

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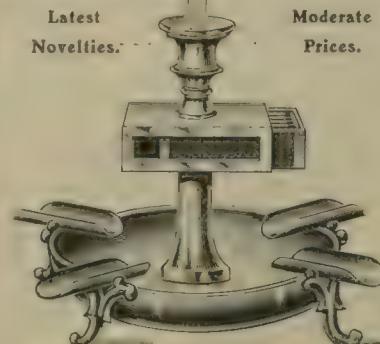


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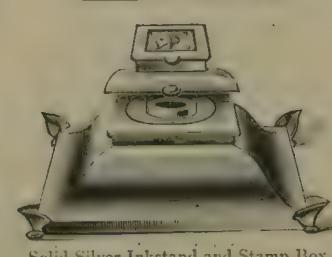


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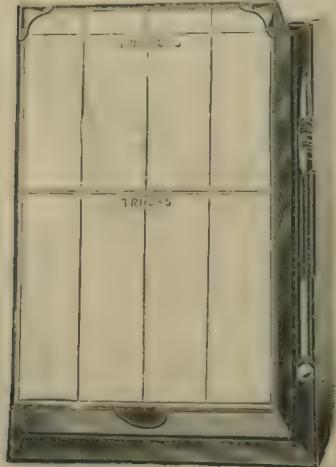
Solid Silver Inkstand and Stamp Box, £3 5s.



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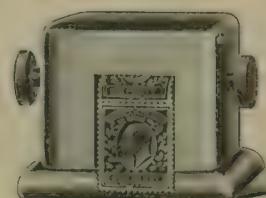
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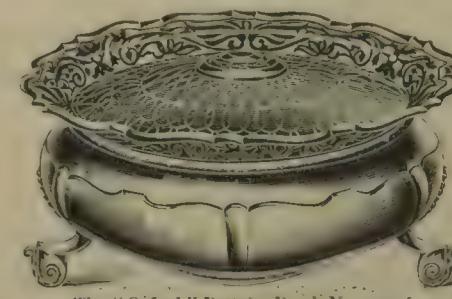
Solid Silver Bridge Scorer, with Silver Pencil, £1 10s., £1 18s., £2 2s. 6d.



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Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



SARAH BERNHARDT PLAYING HER FAVOURITE GAME "SALTA" WITH THE INVENTOR.

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MUSIC.

An excellent concert, arranged by Signor Bocchi, was given on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13, at the Grafton Galleries. The opening Quintet of Schumann was admirably played, and the Bocchi sextet distinguished itself also in movements by Liszt, Tschaikowsky, Macfarren, and Grieg. Miss Ada Crossley sang songs of Schubert, Willeby, and Richard Strauss. Miss Helen Mars told some of her humorous short stories; Signor José Brath played brilliantly a Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt, and an étude and waltz of Chopin. A charming débutante, so far as England is concerned, was Miss Jean Newman. She has a well-trained, very sweet and sympathetic voice, and sang the brilliant waltz song from the "Roméo et Juliette" of Gounod, and a song of Arthur Foote.

On Saturday afternoon the Popular Concert was marked by a good performance of Schumann's String Quartet in A major, and a clever violin sonata by Graedener. Mr. Leonard Borwick played the complicated sonata in F minor of Brahms with his usual faultless style. A vocalist from Berlin, Miss Rose Ettinger, sang artistically songs of Mozart, Chopin, Bach, and Chaminade.

On Saturday afternoon there was another concert that drew a large audience to the Crystal Palace to hear M. Paderewski both as performer and composer. The principal item was a selection from his opera "Manru," which was performed first at Dresden in 1901, though it has been in train for several years. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Randegger, and grappled brilliantly with the difficulties of the Polish composer. The opera deals with the life of a gipsy, restless and unhappy in his marriage to a peaceful peasant. The love duet was impassioned and beautiful, and was sung by Fräulein Krull and Mr. John Coates. A dreamy lullaby and the prelude were also given. M. Paderewski played his own concerto and a Polish fantasia.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, the students of the Royal College of Music gave their concert in their

delightful new concert-hall. The orchestra, under the baton of Sir Charles Stanford, played the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" of Wagner. They also introduced a new symphony in C minor composed by Mr. Arthur Hinton. The orchestra has not fallen below its usual high standard, and possesses vitality, which is so often lacking in amateur orchestras; indeed, in some

emotional composition with some clever work scored for the orchestra.

On Wednesday the Guildhall School of Music gave an orchestral concert at the City of London School. The chief novelty was a clever overture, entitled "The Hartz Mountains," composed by Mr. Henry Geehl, who conducted this descriptive piece of music himself. The orchestra played very well, in good time and style, both this and, under the conductorship of Dr. W. H. Cummings, the Second Symphony of Brahms and the first movements of concertos of Wieniawski and of Tschaikowsky, the solo parts being excellently performed by Miss May Law and Miss Jenny Hyman. M. I. H.



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points, this vitality of individual executants almost overleapt bounds. They are ably drilled, and responded on the beat to any shade of expression. A new song was also given, composed by Mr. Frank Bridge, entitled "The Hag," sung by Mr. Albert Garcia. It is a gusty,

been chosen for its background. Many should be the visitors, collectors, and others to inspect a collection which ranges from the boldest and most satisfactorily heavy spoon of the seventeenth to the most delicate, albeit simple, sauce-boat of the eighteenth century.

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HOW TO REACH OLYMPIA.—Book to Addison Road Station or West Kensington Station; the Tube to Shepherd's Bush; Direct Lines of Buses from the City, Bank, Strand, Piccadilly, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, West Kensington, Brompton, &c., pass the doors.

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CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The following arrangements have been made by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway—namely: On Wednesday, Dec. 24, a fast late train will run to Chatham, Sittingbourne, Faversham, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Deal and Dover, leaving Victoria 12 midnight, and Holborn 11.55 p.m.; also a fast late train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover. On Boxing Day, cheap pantomime excursions will be run from the principal stations to London, returning about midnight. All the Continental services will run as usual during the holidays, and, in addition, cheap first and second class tickets will be issued for Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Brussels, and Paris.

The London and North Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Wednesday, Dec. 17, to Wednesday, Dec. 24, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made, in connection with the London and North Western

passenger trains for the Christmas holidays. Special facilities will be given for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels at the reduced rates now in operation, which in no case exceed Parcel Post rates.

The Great Western Railway Company issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway station during holiday-times. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be available for use on any day between and including those days. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, cheap excursions will be run from Paddington, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, etc., to the Channel Islands and Ireland, for a fortnight or less. On Christmas morning the usual Sunday service of trains will run.

The North London Railway will run trains every few minutes to and from Shoreditch, for Britannia Theatre, Standard Theatre, and other places of amusement; from Dalston Junction for the Alexandra Theatre and the Dalston Theatre. Every fifteen minutes trains will run to and from Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Botanic and Zoological Gardens; Highbury and Islington, for the Agricultural Hall; and every half-hour to and from Kew Bridge (for Kew Gardens); Addison Road, Kensington, for "Buffalo Bill's Wild West" Show at Olympia.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning, Cologne about noon, and Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels via Harwich and Antwerp Dec. 20, 22, 23, 24, and 26, available for eight days. No steamer will leave Harwich for Antwerp, or Antwerp for Harwich, on Thursday, Dec. 25. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will run between Harwich and Hamburg as usual. The company will issue special excursion tickets to many of the stations in the Eastern counties.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run from London—Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc.—as follows: Wednesday, Dec. 24, for four, five, seven, or sixteen days; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, for four, seven, or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland. Wednesday, Dec. 24, for four, five, six, or nine days, to the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts.

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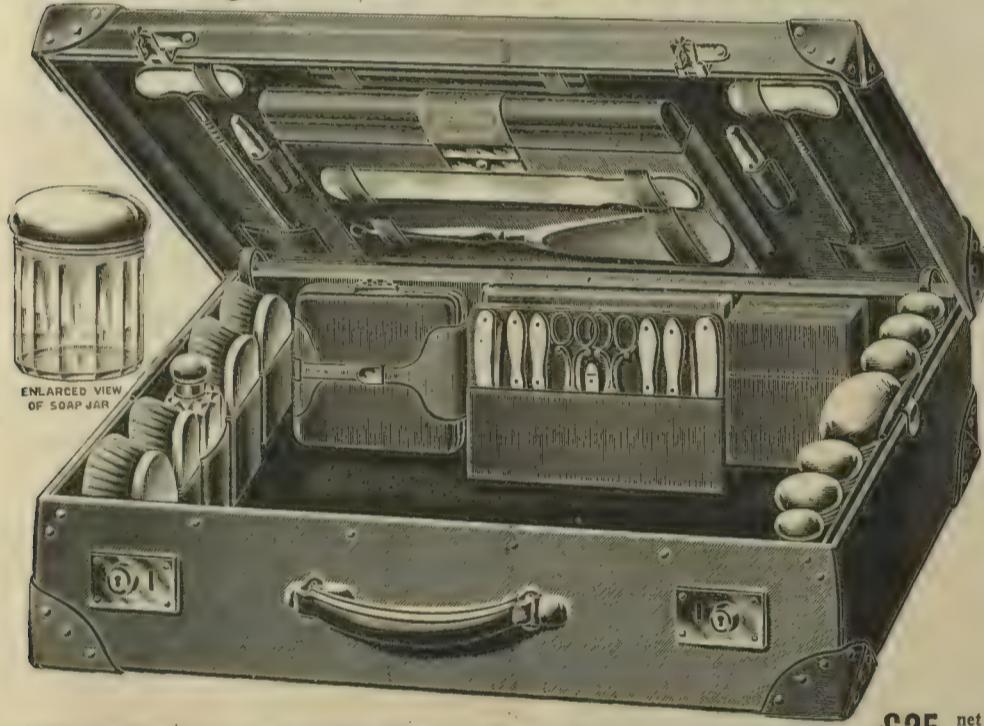
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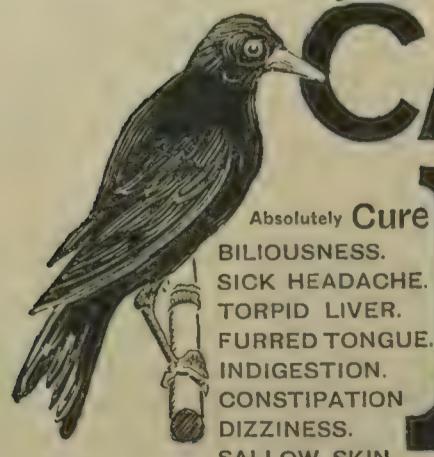
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Absolutely Cure
BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
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EVERY DAY SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY.

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Three
Sizes,
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25/- to £20,
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Hereby certify that the results of the Analysis of PLASMON COCOA show that:

Plasmon Cocoa consists of genuine cocoa and Plasmon. Inasmuch as Plasmon essentially consists of the proteids of milk, containing the salts, obtained on the separation of the proteid material, in their unaltered condition, Plasmon Cocoa is a highly nutritive food. The combination of Plasmon with cocoa therefore gives a product which is rich in the food material in which cocoa itself is deficient, since the Plasmon Cocoa contains a high percentage of easily assimilable albuminous substances, the presence of which is necessary to constitute a true food.

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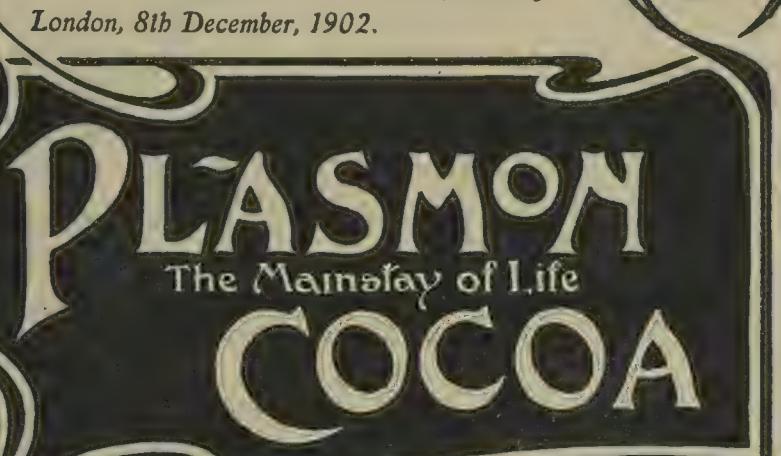
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(Signed) H. E. CARR, Secretary.

London, 8th December, 1902.

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(Lond.), F.I.C.
J. CHARLES JACKSON, L.R.C.P., D.P.H.
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"THE LANCET," May 18th, 1901, page 1409:

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"Raw cocoa is, of course, unsuitable dietetically. The proteid value of cocoa is, however, small. Though cocoa is to some extent nutritive, yet its value as an article of diet is chiefly due to its stimulant properties."

"The remarkable nutritive power of Plasmon has been well established, and, as we have already pointed out, Plasmon may be used with the greatest possible advantage to enrich food otherwise poor in nitrogen or proteid."

"Plasmon Cocoa contains all the constituents able to support life. It is mildly stimulating whilst highly nourishing."

"The cocoa used in Plasmon is of excellent quality, possessing the well-known cocoa flavour and aroma to a marked degree."

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At all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores,
9d., 1/4, and 2/6.

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"GOLDEN PELICAN" TOBACCO.

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Of peculiar flavour, altogether fascinating and individual. Smokers of "Three Nuns" do not chop and change—it is that or nothing. For those who love the cool fragrance, but like a stronger Tobacco, we make the "King's Head" brand.

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Both brands are sold at 5d. per oz. in 1 oz. Packets; 2 oz. and 4 oz. Tins.

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HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

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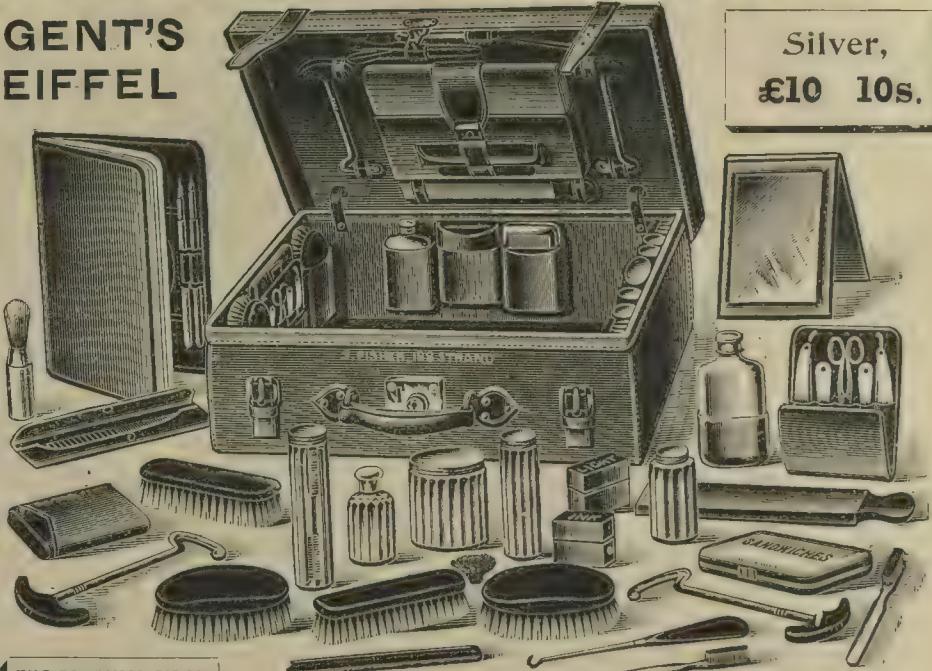
From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

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Gent's Case, leather, lined leather, 24 in., completely fitted, silver mounts, as shown.
Price complete, £10 10s.

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Mühlens' "Rhine Violets"

A Scent of Rare Fragrance.
A Very Echo of Nature.

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and see that FERD. MÜLHEN'S name is on every Bottle.

3/-, 5/6, 9/-, 20/- per bottle.

"RHINE VIOLET" SACHETS, 2/6 EACH.

"Rhine Violet" Soap, 2/6 per Tablet, or 7/- per box of 3 Tablets.

Of most dealers in first-class Perfumes, or from

THE 4711 DEPOT, 62, NEW BOND ST., W.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1898) of Mr. John Nigel Gurney, of Sproxton Hall, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 26, aged twenty-eight, has been proved by Edward Gurney Buxton, the surviving executor, the value of the estate amounting to £472,264. The testator gives 1000 shares in Barclay and Co. each to his brothers who shall attain twenty-one years of age; £100 to his executor; and £1000 each to his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Sybil Napier, and Mrs. Laura Buxton. The residue of his property he leaves to the brother, or eldest son of a brother, who shall succeed to the settled family estate in which he had a life interest.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1901) of Mr. Alfred John Isaacs, of Beresford House, 64, Highbury New Park, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Nov. 29 by Mrs. Sophia Isaacs, the widow, and Hyman Abraham Abrahams, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £148,008. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £100 each to the Home and Hospital for Jewish Incurables, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), the Board of Guardians,

and the Jews' Free Schools (Bell Lane); £50 each to the Institution for the Relief of the Indigent Blind of the Jewish Faith, and the London Hospital; and on the marriage of his son Maurice to a Jewess a sum of £6000 is to be held in trust for them and their issue. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and on her decease he further gives £8000 each to his sons Henry, Laurence, Maurice, and Hyman; various freehold properties in trust for his daughters Esther Klean and Maria Friedlander, and his daughters-in-law Florence Isaacs, Edith Isaacs, and Evie Isaacs; £6000 in trust for his son Albert; £3000 in trust for his son Frederick; £2000 each to four granddaughters; and £1000 each to eight grandsons. The ultimate residue he leaves in equal shares to his children, except his sons Albert and Frederick.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1896), with three codicils (dated June 21, 1899, Feb. 9, 1900, and June 6, 1901), of Mr. James Fenton, J.P., of Dutton Manor, near Preston, who died on Sept. 21, has been proved by Richard Kay Fenton, the son, and Harry Greenall, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate

amounting to £147,433. The testator devises all his manors, lands, and premises in Lancashire in trust for his wife for life, and then to his son Richard Kay, but on the death of Mrs. Fenton they are to be charged with the payment of £200 per annum each to his son Henry Banning and his daughter Beatrice; and of £100 per annum to his son Albert Edward. He bequeaths £200 to his wife; £1000 each to his daughters Eliza Davy and Beatrice; £500 each to his daughters Annie Isabel Jones and Sarah Helen Wigg Gilbert; and £50 each to his children Beatrice, Albert Edward, Henry Banning, and Richard Kay. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, for life, and then for his son Richard Kay.

The will (dated June 20, 1901), with a codicil (dated Dec. 23 following), of Captain Abel Henry Chapman, J.P., of Belle Vue, Lowfel, Gateshead, who died on May 24, was proved on Dec. 2 by Mrs. Mary Chapman, the widow, Harry Reynolds Chapman, the son, and Robert Scope, the acting executors, the value of the estate being £102,120. The testator gives his freehold residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, and £600 to

A SOAP "WRINKLE."

Most skin troubles improve—some heal up—by keeping the skin free from germs. Vinolia Soap helps to do this and prevent blotches.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,

The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
many other persons of distinction have testified
to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE OF ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins, 4s. 3d.

British Dépôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of
Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,
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250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families.
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MERRYWEATHERS'

"VALIANT"
LIGHT
FIRE
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Suitable for all
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of Pumping.



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"VALIANT" ON TWO-WHEEL CARRIAGE.



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FOR TRANSPORT.

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D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND
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Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms,
20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages
20 guineas; iron-framed, full-trichord Pianos
from 12s. 6d. per month. Organs from 4 guineas.
Full price paid allowed within three years if
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D'ALMAINE AND CO. (Estd. 117 years),
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FEE 60 GUINEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME
OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT., A.T. MILLER, R.N.

HOOPING COUGH.

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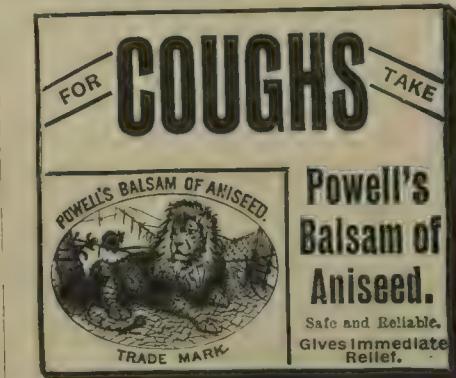
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THE celebrated effectual cure without internal
medicine. Sole Wholesalers Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON,
157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the
Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

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Specialties in INDIAN TEA & BORNEO CIGARS direct to the consumer.
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COVERINGS FOR SEMI & COMPLETE BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.

Perfect imitations of
Nature; invisible additions
to thin partings,
art blending with nature
so completely as to defy
the closest scrutiny.
Half, Three-quarter,
or Full Wigs on same
Principle for Ladies
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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
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Every Design in Artificial Hair for Fashion
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Powell's
Balsam of
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Safe and Reliable.
Gives Immediate
Relief.

Cuticura Resolvent PILLS

Chocolate Coated, 60 doses,
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odourless, economical substi-
tute for the celebrated liquid
CUTICURA RESOLVENT,
as well as for all other blood
purifiers and humour cures.
Each pill is equivalent to one
teaspoonful of liquid RESOL-
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are alterative, antiseptic, tonic,
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question the purest, sweetest,
most successful and economi-
cal blood and skin purifiers,
humour cures, and tonic-
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Complete Treatment

Complete external and internal treatment
for every humour, consisting of CUTICURA
SOAP, 1s., to cleanse the skin of crusts
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CURA RESOLVENT PILLS, 1s. 1½d., to cool and
cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often
sufficient to cure the most torturing, dis-
figuring, itching, burning, and scaly skin,
scalp, and blood humours, eczemas, rashes,
and irritations, with loss of hair, from
infancy to age, when all else fails.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world.
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CHEM. CORP., Sole Frops., Boston, U.S.A.



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FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold
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rivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from
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Cocoa Economy—One pound of Suchard's
Cocoa yields from 100 to
125 cups of good, aromatic, and delicious Cocoa, and only costs
9d. per ½-lb. tin, 1s. 6d. per 1lb. tin, or 2s. 10d. per 1lb. tin.

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CHOCOLAT SUCHARD

Plain Chocolate in Tablets.

BREAKFAST, FINE, SURFINE, & EXTRA FINE
For Cooking, Icing, or Drinking.

RUBY, FONDANT, DESSERT, A LA VANILLE

Are exquisitely smooth Eating Chocolates.

"Milka," Full-Cream

(HELIOTROPE & GOLD WRAPPER.)

A blend of Suchard's unrivalled Chocolate with genuine
Swiss Cream and Milk. A choice Confection
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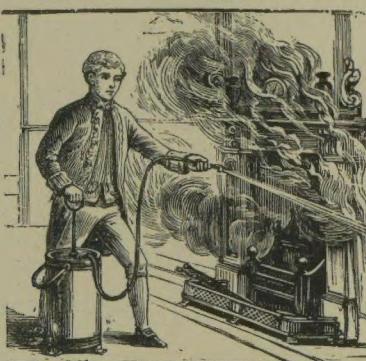
(REGISTERED). In ½-lb. and 1-lb. boxes.

Deliciously flavoured bon-bons—boat-shaped, each piece
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MERRYWEATHERS'
NOVEL AND USEFUL
CHRISTMAS PRESENT

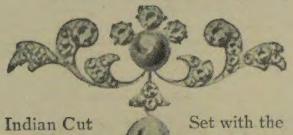
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SIMPLE AND EASY TO WORK.
2540 out of 4100 Fires in London in one year alone were extinguished by the Merryweather Fire Pump.



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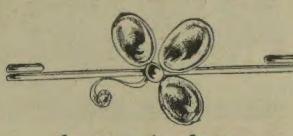
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Gifts buy

'Delhi Durbar'
Jewellery.

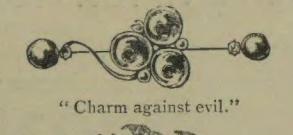


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have advised the use of 'TATCHO' as I have."

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"I well know how valuable 'TATCHO' is."



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"TATCHO" must not be confounded with what are commonly known as simple dressings "for the hair."

"TATCHO" is for the lack of hair.

"TATCHO" is odourless and is NEITHER GREASY NOR STICKY.

In bottles, 1/-, 2/9, and 5/-. Chemists and Stores.

"TATCHO" DEPOT, 81, Great Queen Street, Holborn, London, W.C.

You can handle any pen like this, but the essential pen to use is
WATERMAN'S IDEAL
Fountain Pen = =

MAKES AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT.
Whatever other pen you handle, you will not get the same perfect result. No stopping, jerking, blotting, smudging—it just goes on writing—keeps on writing. It makes writing easy and the writer into a Dip-no-more.

From 10/6, of Stationers, Jewellers, &c.
IN SILVER and GOLD for PRESENTATIONS.
L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, LONDON, E.C.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

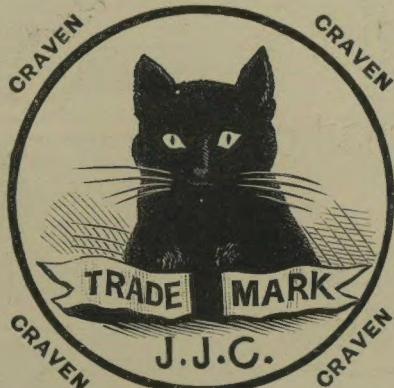
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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

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Dr. J. M. BARRIE says: "WHAT I call the 'ARCADIA' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the CRAVEN' Mixture, and no other."



4-lb. Sample Tin, 2/6; Postage 3d. extra

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TURTLE JELLY.

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Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA.
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION.
Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH.
Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1d. per Box.

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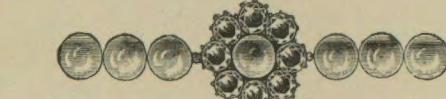
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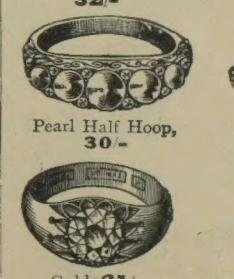
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Handsome Diamond Swallow Brooch, 35/-



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Diamond Star, 35/- Smaller, 30/- Larger, 42/-



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CAUTION.—No Branch Establishments.

his wife; £250 each to his sons John Abel, Alfred, and Vincent; 200 shares in Clarke, Chapman, and Co. each to his daughters Helen Catherine, Rachel Emma, Adeline Frances, Mabel Frazer, and Kathleen Louisa; £100 and his medal, swords, and a silver salver to his son Harry; and £50 per annum to Robert Scope while he shall act as executor. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his wife for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated April 26, 1901), with two codicils (dated April 26 and June 13 following), of Colonel Robert Thornhagh, first Baron Cranworth, of 5, Portman Square, and Letton Hall, Norfolk, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Dec. 4 by Bertram Francis, the present Lord Cranworth, the son, the acting executor, the value of the estate being £87,616. The testator devises all his real estate, in trust, for his son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, with remainder over to his daughters, but a portion of £10,000 is to be raised therefrom in favour of his daughter, the Hon. Muriel Charlotte Gurdon. He also gives the leasehold premises, 5, Portman Square, with the furniture therein, the pictures purchased by Lord Colborne, the Ridley Colborne Plate, £500, and an annuity of £1000, in addition to the jointure of £1000 secured to her by the provisions of

her marriage settlement, to his wife, Emily Frances, Lady Cranworth. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

CHRISTMAS WARES.

Those who prefer to give presents that combine ornament with use would do well this Christmastide to inspect the perfumes sold by the Vinolia Company. Their "Jasmine" and "Rhine Violets" scents are very delightful. The Vinolia Company are, of course, the manufacturers of the popular Vinolia soap, and also place upon the market, amongst other toilet requisites, an excellent eau de Cologne and an equally excellent toilet-water.

The "For the Empire" series of Christmas cards and calendars published by Messrs. Hills and Co., Ltd., 2, Bayer Street, Golden Lane, E.C., are notable for artistic design and execution. Among the best calendars are the "Robert Louis Stevenson," "Those Types of Travel," "On the Links," and "Rouge-et-Noir." The whole of Messrs. Hills's publications are produced and printed in London.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons issue this season Christmas and New-Year cards, calendars, toy books,

booklets, art novelties, and reliefs at prices and in styles to suit every pocket and every taste. All are executed in the dainty and finished manner for which Messrs. Tuck are widely known. "Father Tuck's Annual" is particularly bright, and contains stories and poems by Nora Chesson, H. M. Burnside, Grace C. Floyd, and others; and illustrations by such well-known artists as Louis Wain, M. Bowley, and H. Cowham.

The Christmas crackers published by Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. have been well known and much appreciated for so many years that it is only necessary to say that this season they well sustain the high reputation of their producers. The "Goblin Kurios from Klondyke," "Animal and Bird Voices," "Queen Alexandra's Jewel Casket," "Aeronautical," and "Conjuring" crackers should be among the most popular.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, as usual, publish a large number of excellent diaries for the pocket and for the writing-table. The diaries still carry with them a £500 insurance policy against accident, and are fitted with the patent Self-Opening Tablet. Amongst the new diaries may be mentioned number "481," an octavo, bound in cloth, and published at one shilling.

DEWAR'S "White Label"

The Whisky of our forefathers

GOERZ TRIEDER BINOCULARS

LARGEST FIELD OF VIEW.

FINEST DEFINITION.

HIGHEST MAGNIFICATION.

*Can be obtained of any good Optician throughout the Empire.
Illustrated Pamphlet will be sent free on application to Department "I" of the Optical Works of C. P. GOERZ, 1 to 6, Holborn Circus, E.C.*

Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

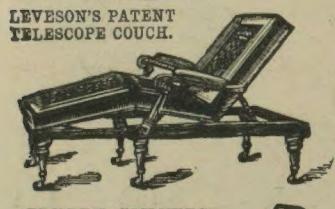
LEVESON'S

INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.
(Established 1849.)



SELF-PROPELLING
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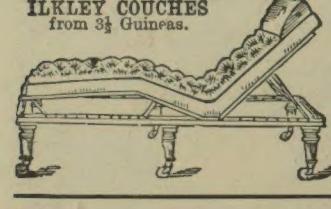
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BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES,
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AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



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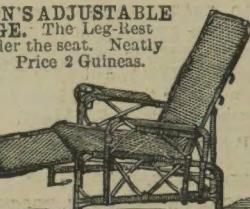


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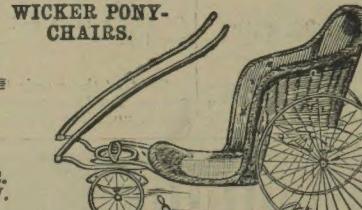
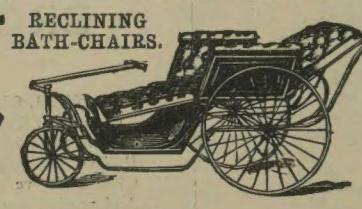


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SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



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self-guiding
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LEVESON'S VICTORIA IN-
VALID'S CARRIAGE
with self-guiding
front wheel.



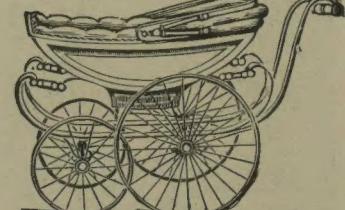
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It holds the "Sceptre of supremacy" in every country in the world and always assures a "Royal Shave."

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s. **Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.**
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In the treatment of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Wakefulness, Loss of Sleep, Heartburn, Chronic Diarrhoea, Constipation, Headache, Nausea, and all diseases arising from Imperfect Nutrition.

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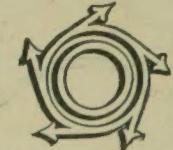
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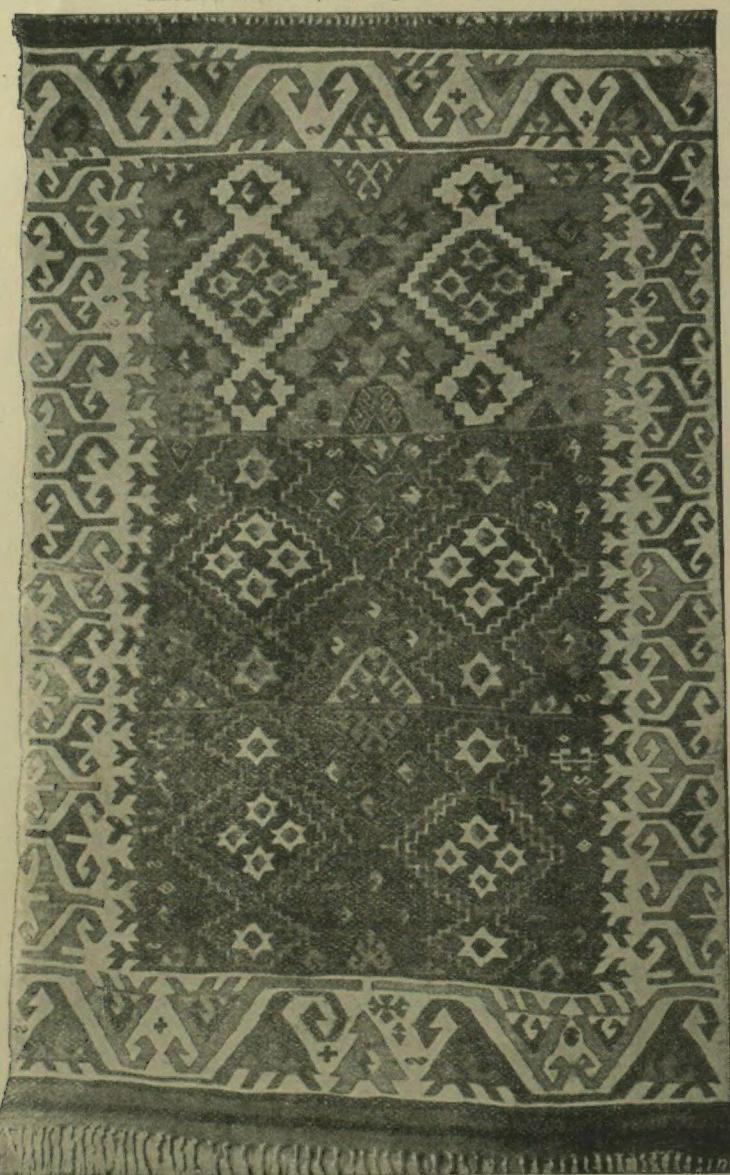
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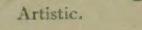
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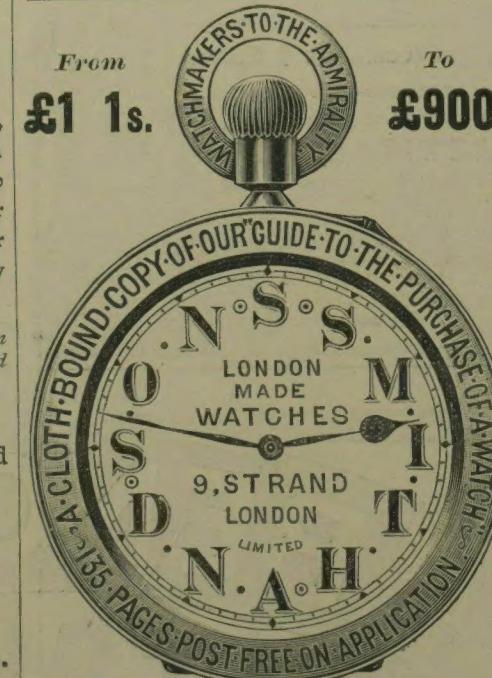
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